

# THE Flag of our Union.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS

VOL. IX.

F. GLEASON, (CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROADWAY STS.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

TERMS, (\$2.00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE.)

No. 25.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE JUGGLER OF NANKIN.

### THE GRANDEE'S PLOT.

A Story of the Celestial Empire.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

#### CHAPTER X.

GLIMMERINGS OF A DARK PLOT.



THE country estate of the Prince Kong-ti was situated about fifteen miles north of Nankin. It had been originally a tea garden, and was a sort of island rising up from a low, marshy district through which ran two or three sluggish creeks, and over which the water stood a part of the year. The buildings were spacious and comfortable, but the prince had never lived there from the very fact that the place was exceedingly unhealthy. He had bought and improved it to a sort of sporting residence, and sometimes he did go up there in the heat of summer and spend a few weeks at catching fish in a neighboring lake. On the evening that Paul and Tsch arrived at the inn by the Tai-hou lake, the Princess Nio and her faithful Tsi took up their abode at this place. The prince accompanied them thither, and saw everything arranged for their comfort.

"Do you not think you shall be contented here?" asked Kong-ti, taking a seat by the side of his fair wife.

"O yes. Though I hope you will come and see me often," replied the princess, raising her eyes tremblingly to her husband's face.

"Yes, I shall come and see you very often now. But for a few days you must be very careful of yourself, for the cool, damp air from the distant lake will be new to you. Do not expose yourself, now, for the world. As soon as you become habituated to the atmosphere you will find it bracing and health-giving, but a too sudden exposure might prove fatal in a very short time. I have known people to be taken away by death in a very few days in this vicinity; but it was because they had no such means of protection as you have. Be careful of yourself, Nio."

"I shall be very careful," said the wife, "for I wish to live to enjoy your love."

"But I do not think you look well, even now," returned the prince, looking Nio sharply in the face. "You look very pale, and I think your pulse is weak. Let me feel."

The wife put out her wrist, and the prince pressed his finger upon it. The fair hand trembled, and the excitement of the moment had touched the beating of her heart.

"It is weak," the prince said, "and you must be very careful. Let your maid watch you well, and you must try to rest to-night as much as possible. In a day or two I shall come to see you, and perhaps spend some time with you. You will be strong then."

"But can you not stop to-night?"

"No, that were impossible, for I have business in the city. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. And I must hurry away, too, or I shall be late."

Shortly afterwards the prince took his leave, and when he had gone Tsi brought in candles to the apartment of her mistress, and also went at work to build a fire in the bronze frame that was built out from the chimney, for the air was really damp and cold. When this was done, she came to see if there was anything else she could do for her mistress.

"Nothing but to sit down and keep me company," returned the princess. "I do not feel well."

"Why—what is the matter?" quickly inquired the maid, gazing up into Nio's face.

"I'm sure I do not know; but I do not feel well. The prince noticed it first, and he said that I must be very careful. But perhaps it may have been only his natural fear for my safety."

Tsi turned away her head, for strange suspicions were running through her mind, and she did not care that the princess should see them. She was not blinded by any love for Kong-ti, and she consequently looked upon his move-

ments with more distrust, and yet without unjust prejudice.

"Cheer up, my lady," she at length said, in a cheerful tone. "I do not think you are sick at all, though the excitement of the occasion may have made you feel somewhat fatigued. I would give no thought to such things."

Ever long, beneath the kind and gentle attention of her faithful maid, the princess recovered her wonted peace of mind, though ever and anon a thought of her husband would flit across the mirror of her thoughts, and for the moment she would feel sad. At a comparatively early hour Nio retired to her sleeping apartment, and, as was already her custom, she had a bowl of tea placed upon the stand by her bed, for she often felt thirsty in the night—more from habit, perhaps, than from any constitutional want.

The apartment which Tsi was to occupy was adjoining that of the princess, and only separated by a single door of bamboo and silk. The maid saw her mistress safely in bed, and having set the tea where it could be readily reached she went down to see that the domestics were all careful for, and when this had been attended to, she went back and retired to her own room. As we have before said, she possessed an uncommonly quick intelligence, and her perceptions were keen in the extreme. Added to this she was discreet and wary, and possessed good judgment enough to guide her clear of anything like recklessness or undue haste. Now her suspicions were aroused, but they of course had no definite point, save that she feared there was meant to her level mistress. There was a dim thought floating through her mind that Kong-ti had set his love upon another woman, and that he desired the death of his present wife! She dared not attempt to give the thought any palpable form, for it was too fearful, too terrible. She only held it as a sort of dream which she endeavored to shake off when it came to her.

But be matters as they might she was resolved to keep her eyes about her, and watch with a jealous eye all that transpired. At length Tsi fell asleep, and she slept soundly, though when she was awakened she knew it must be long past midnight, for the moon had risen, and was shining into her chamber. She had been aroused by a strange sound from the chamber of her mistress, and slipping noiselessly from her bed she glided to the silken door and listened. She distinctly heard a noise within, and she felt sure that it was not the princess. It was a sort of grating, rumbling sound, just loud enough to reach her ears. It might have been the wind moving the vines against the lattice of the window, but then there was no rustling such as the leaves would naturally have made under such circumstances, and the maid determined to look in. She opened the door very slowly and carefully, and she was not a little startled at seeing the form of a man just disappearing through an aperture near the head of the bed. She did not cry out, nor make the least motion, though the sight startled her not a little. She saw the dusky form disappear, and then she saw the place close up. The pale beams of the moon afforded her light enough to see all this, for the candle which her mistress had left burning was extinguished. Tsi listened attentively, and heard low footsteps receding from the place, and they sounded as though they were descending a stairway.

As soon as the sound was gone, Tsi moved softly into the chamber and noiselessly approached the bed. The princess was sleeping soundly, and seemed not to have been disturbed. The maid looked about the room, and everything seemed as she had left it. What had that man been doing here? It was a question she asked herself, and she sank into a chair to think. All

her former suspicions passed quickly through her mind. "Harm must be meant to Nio," thought Tsi. "But how? She is not surely harmed now. There is a plot in this, and I must know it."

Again the faithful maid cast her eyes about the room, and at length they rested upon the gilded porcelain bowl that stood by the bedside. Quick as the sent arrow finds its mark went the thought to her mind that the danger might be brewing there! There was nothing strange in the thought, nor was it remarkable that she should have entertained it, for circumstances surely pointed that way. Tsi went to the stand and took the bowl up. None of the tea had been drunk, nor did the beverage look differently from what it should. She took it to the window where the moonbeams could shine full upon it, and she thought she could detect an oily substance floating upon the top. It was in little globules, not larger than the head of a small pin, but yet they could be distinctly seen. Of course Tsi knew that she had put nothing into the tea that could produce such an appearance, and her suspicions were well high confirmed.

"I'll keep this," she murmured to herself, "and see if I cannot find out its virtue. At least, my noble mistress shall not drink it."

Her murmuring was louder than she thought, and it reached the ears of the sleeper, and with one or two low moans she awoke.

"Who is that?" she tremblingly asked, as she saw the white robes of her maid in the moonlight.

"It is only your good Tsi," returned the attendant, setting the bowl down upon the flower-stool by the window, and then approaching the bed.

"Tsi," repeated the princess, rubbing her eyes, and then half raising herself upon her elbow. "I am glad it is you, for I feared something ill. I think I have been dreaming. But why did you come?"

"I heard a noise in your room, my lady—a noise that I feared might disturb you, and I came in."

"Ah, I thought I heard something—or I dreamed it," said Nio, raising herself to a sitting posture. "And what did you find? Was it not me moaning in my sleep?"

"No," returned Tsi, speaking with quick confidence. "I found that a large, ugly bat had got into your room, and just as I opened the door he plunged into your bowl of tea. The little vampire must have been in here when you retired, for I have had no chance to get in since; but I have thrown him out the window, and I will empty the tea and make you some more if you would like."

"No," said Nio, with a shudder. "I can get along without it. I am glad you came in, for I might have drunk the tea and not discovered the ugly creature of the bowl. I think I shall not be troubled again."

The maid kindly smoothed down the pillow of her mistress, and having taken up the bowl of tea she went back to her own room and lighted a candle. Among her things she found an empty phial, and with a spoon she skimmed off the oily particles which she had discovered upon the surface of the beverage. They were smaller now than they had appeared when first noticed, and she was soon convinced that ere long they would have entirely disappeared. As soon as she had filled her phial she poured the rest of the tea away, and having carefully rinsed the bowl she placed the phial in a place of safety, and then went once more to her bed. She was not sorry that she had deceived her mistress, for she was determined to know the whole truth before she revealed any of her discovery, or hinted at any of her suspicions. She knew that she could watch over the safety of the unfortunate princess, and that there would be less danger of her knowledge being discovered if she kept it all to herself. Still she was in no enviable state of mind, for she knew how powerful the enemy was, and how utterly weak was the victim. But her own soul was strong and determined, and she resolutely placed her life at stake in the undertaking, and prayed that God would enable her to save her beloved mistress.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE NIGHT-WATCH, AND THE SERPENT.

ON the following morning the princess arose early, and in company with Tsi she walked out into the garden, but she did not remain long, for the air that came up from the low, damp marsh in the distance was not only chilly, but in vapors were disagreeable and penetrating. At last they returned to the house they were met by Li, the prince's confidential valet and attendant. He was a young man, somewhere about thirty years of age, with a quick, intelligent look, but yet with an evil expression about his strongly marked features. It was he who always accompanied

the prince on his long journeys, and he was then closeted with Kong-ti for hours together. Now the princess had a strange dread of this man, not because she ever entertained the fear that he would harm her, but because it seemed to her that her husband loved him better than he did herself.

Li saluted the women as he met them, and Tsi noticed that he eyed the face of the princess very sharply. She did not like the movement. She wondered why he had been left there, and she naturally came to the conclusion that it was for no good cause. She made up her mind to watch him.

Shortly after they returned to the house breakfast was ready, and it was served in the spacious drawing-room which connected with their chamber. After the meal was finished, and the dishes cleared away, Tsi asked to be spared for a while, and her mistress gave a ready assent. The maid went to her chamber and got the phial which she had filled from the tea-bowl, and having hid it beneath the folds of her dress she went down into the garden.

In one corner of the enclosure was a small building, erected over an artificial pond, in which were kept two cormorants—a sort of water-raven which feeds on fish. These two birds had been trained to catch fish for their master, and they were very tame and kind. Tsi entered the building and caught one of them, and having secured it between her knees she pressed open its beak and poured nearly half the contents of the phial down its throat. She marked the one she had thus treated, and then let it go. The bird flew back to its perch, and seemed to betray no indignation at the liberal treatment it had received. Tsi watched it for some minutes, but finding that the tea produced no immediate effect, she left the place, thinking she would go again during the day and see if the dose had any beneficial effects.

Through the day the princess occupied herself mostly in reading the *Chi-King*, a collection of ancient poems by Confucius. She found much there to interest her, and the day wore away without much sadness or despondency. Several times during the afternoon Li made it in his way to request an interview with the princess, for the purpose, he said, of ascertaining how her health was; for the prince had left particular directions that he should be summoned immediately if the change of residence was likely to operate unfavorably! Poor Nio was pleased with this seeming solicitude on the part of her husband, and she did not notice the quick, eager glances which Li cast upon her. But Tsi noticed them. She saw how restless was his eye, and how searching was the gaze he fastened upon her mistress, and she believed he was watching for a sign which he had reason to expect, but which she had overthrown.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon Tsi stole out from the house and went once more to the place where the cormorants were kept. She opened the door and went in. Both birds were upon the perch, but she saw that the eyes of the one she had operated upon were closed, and that its head was hanging upon its breast. She took a long stick which stood in one corner and gave the bird a gentle stroke upon the breast. It raised its head part way up and uttered a low, rattling moan, but did not open its eyes. Again Tsi struck it, harder than before, and this time it partly opened its eyes and made a motion as though it would have extended its wings. It swayed to and fro for a moment, and the girl could see that its hold upon the perch was beginning to loosen. In a moment more the bird uttered another moan-like sound—it half opened its eyes, just enough to show that its brightness was all gone—it loosened its wings—it fell off into the water below. In an instant its maimed leap down upon it and began to tear it in pieces! Tsi waited to see no more. She had analyzed the liquid, and she knew now where to look for a part of the danger, at least. She walked back to the house very slowly, for she had much to think about, and she wished to have her thoughts somewhat settled before she saw her mistress. At length the expression of anxious thought disappeared from her face, and the light of a calm purpose appeared in its place.

When Tsi reached the drawing-room of the princess, she found that Li had again been admitted to her presence. The girl saw him gaze into the face of her mistress, and she could see that while he spoke he was eagerly watching every movement of her countenance. But Nio never appeared to better advantage than she did then, for Li was telling her how anxious her husband was that she should not only be happy, but that her health should be most scrupulously cared for. All this made the face of the unsuspecting princess glow with animation, and Li could detect not the first shadow of a circumstance upon which to rest the belief that she was unwell in the least.

The faithful maid watched him as he left the apartment, and shortly afterwards she heard the tramp of a horse. She looked out of the window, and saw Li riding off towards Nankin.

"I think my husband loves me," said the princess, arising from a deep reverie into which she had fallen.

"I should think you would find happiness in such a thought," was the girl's reply.

"O, I should if I were sure of it."

"Then you are not wholly assured that he loves you?"

"At times I feel so; but then other thoughts come to cloud the happiness of the idea. If he loves me, why should he wish me here? I hope he loves me, and I wish I could secure the belief free from all doubt."

"Well," returned Tsi, "perhaps ere long all doubts will be removed, and until that time be as happy as you can. Do not worry your mind with useless surmises or groundless fears. And now let me ask of you a favor. I am very much fatigued—I slept but little last night, and I should like to lie down and obtain a little rest."

Of course the princess gladly granted the request, but the maid first obtained from her a promise that she would call her if Li returned, or if any one at all came from the city. It was now near five o'clock, and Tsi hoped that she might gain some hours of rest. She went into her own chamber, and having closed the door she softly entered the sleeping-room of her mistress. She knew the very spot where she had seen the man disappear on the night before, and thither she turned her attention. The wallcovering was all of cambric paper, and worked in deeply carved panels, each panel containing a hieroglyphic quotation from some religious book of maxims. Upon a close examination Tsi found that the panel next to the head of the bed was worn in one or two places, as though by friction in sliding against some other hard substance, and also that it was loose, though she could not move it from its place. She was confident, however, that it was a movable panel, and that she had not been played upon by any half-willful hallucination, and having thus satisfied herself, she went back to her own chamber and lay down upon her bed. She was somewhat fatigued, and ere long she fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock when Tsi awoke, and hastening at once to the drawing-room, she found her mistress still sleeping.

"You should have called me before," she said, looking up at the dial with some surprise. "I did not mean to sleep so long."

"But you slept so soundly," returned the princess, with a kind smile, "that I would not awake you. I have not been fatigued."

"But you must have been sleepy?"

"A little, perhaps."

"Has any one visited you?"

"No. I have neither seen nor heard any one since you left me; except once when I entered your chamber."

Tsi was satisfied with this, and shortly afterwards she helped her mistress to undress.

"You will not sleep much, I am afraid," remarked Nio, after she had lain down.

"O, I shall not suffer on that account," returned Tsi. "I don't know out that my nap will make me more sleepy. I will go and prepare your tea, and then I will retire, and if you are disturbed in the night I shall be the more ready to attend to you."

The princess acknowledged her gratitude by a smile, and having placed one of the candles upon the side-board the maid went out to prepare the tea. When this was done she set the bowl upon the small stand by the bedside, and having arranged everything to her satisfaction she went out, closing the door after her. She had slept nearly five hours, and she knew that she should now be well able to watch through the night, for she had resolved that not another night should pass unwatched by her so long as there was a shadow of doubt or danger. She had made a small puncture through the silk of the door that separated her room from that of her mistress, and through this hole she could see all that transpired about the princess's bed.

An hour passed away, and a part of that time Tsi had spent near the silken door, and a part in the drawing-room. It was somewhere between eleven o'clock and midnight that she had taken her seat for a few moments at the window of the latter room. The window was partially open, for she felt oppressed and sought a breath of fresh air, little heeding for the few moments she intended to sit thus the unwholesome dampness of the atmosphere. She had not been in this position more than a minute, when she was attracted by the sound of low, stealthy footsteps upon the pavement of the court. She looked eagerly out into the gloom, and at length she was confident that she saw two dusky figures approaching the house. She watched them narrowly, and near a clump of tea-plants they stopped. She listened, and heard the low hum of

voices, but she could neither understand what was said, nor distinguish the speakers. In a few moments the hum ceased, and the figures moved out into the main hall, and soon afterwards disappeared around an angle of the building.

Tai was now all alive with excitement, but yet not unmoved. She waited a few moments to see if the lurking figures would re-appear, but seeing nothing of them she noisily closed the window, and then moved towards her own bedroom and stationed herself at the silken door. For two hours she watched without seeing anything, and she had just moved to the side of her bed to sit down, when her quick ear caught the sound of a movement in Niao's chamber. She glided quickly to the door and peeped through the aperture she had made in the silk. The panel in the wainscoting was just being slowly moved from its place, and in a moment more Tai saw the head of a shoulder of a man. The face was concealed by a robe which was pulled up over the lower features, leaving the eyes alone visible. The girl's heart beat quick, and her breath came short and heavy, but her thoughts were clear, and her wits were at hand. The man, for a man it surely was—put his head into the room and gazed carefully about him. Then he bent his ears as if to listen, and seeming assured that the occupant of the bed slept soundly he noisily entered. He first moved towards the sideboard upon which the waxen taper was burning, and as he let the robe fall from his features in order to free his mouth, that he might extinguish the light, Tai saw his face. A sudden faintness came over her, and an exclamation of horror came nearly escaping her lips, for she had seen the well-marked features of Prince Kong-ti. Almost unable to credit the evidence of her own senses she gazed more intently upon the face of the intruder. That face was now close to the light, and every feature was revealed. There was no room for doubt—the terrible truth could not be hid. It was really and truly the prince. He extinguished the light, and his movements were now guided by the pale beams of the newly risen moon. Tai moved not from her place, nor did she even breathe aloud. The throbbing of her heart made more noise than did her breath, for over the heart she held control—it would beat tumultuously in spite of her.

The prince moved to the bedside and looked for a moment upon the face of the sleeping wife, and then he drew a phial from his bosom. Tai saw him shake it, and then she saw him pour its contents into the bowl of tea, which the prince was to drink. He did this, and then with his finger he stirred the beverage. He placed the phial back into his bosom, gazed once more upon the sleeper's face—and then glided back from whence he had come, and closed the panel after him. Tai listened until she was assured he was gone, and then she threw herself upon her own bed, but she remained there only for an instant, for even as she lay she felt the prince was near. She went back to the silken door and opened it, and creeping softly in she took the bowl and carried it away. In the closet of the drawing-room she had left a second bowl of tea, and this she took and carried to the chamber of her mistress and placed it where the other one had been. None of the movements had yet awakened the princess. She slept on, totally unconscious of the terrible realities that were growing to life about her.

After all this had been done the faithful watcher went back to the drawing room and sat down by the window where she had before been. This window looked towards the west, being on the opposite side of the building from the bedroom of the princess, and consequently was entirely shaded from the light of the rising moon, while the scene without was all plainly revealed. Tai had not been there long before she saw the two figures come around the angle of the building, and she readily recognized them as the prince and his attendant, Li. They came into the shade of the building, and stopped directly beneath the very window where the girl was sitting. She could hear the hum of their voices, but could not make out what they said, for she spoke very low and cautiously. She had moved the sash partly open, and she bent her head as far forward as possible. In this position she could occasionally catch a word that was spoken.

"She could not have drank any of it," the girl distinctly heard Li say; but the answer of the prince she could not understand.

"How much will it take?" Li asked.

"But very little. A few swallows will be sufficient," returned the prince. Tai was sure that these were his words.

She tried to hear more, but though an occasional word came distinctly to her ears, yet she could not make out the connection. At length the prince walked away, and Li turned and went around the building. The girl watched for some time longer, but as she saw nothing more of the men she arose from her seat. Before she did so, however, she heard the distant tramp of a horse upon the city road. She knew it was the prince returning to Nankin!

The handmaid returned to her chamber and looked in upon the princess. Niao was just reaching forth for the bowl, but Tai did not open the door and give any sign of her presence. She saw her mistress drink and then lie down again. Then the girl left her post and sought her bed. She did not sleep, for the felt no desire to lose herself in slumber. She listened for any movement that might come from the adjoining chamber, and while she listened she reflected upon what had passed. She had a difficult task before her, for the princess must know what had transpired; but she did not shrink from the work now—she only felt sad and heart-sick to think of the blow that was to fall upon the sensitive soul of her beloved mistress.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### A LONG PAMPHLET.

After Paul Arden had seen the juggler enter the inn he sought the side of Yu-li. His mind was in a whirl of excitement, for he knew not what course to pursue. He feared to meet

Ye-fu-li, but for any personal danger could account himself, for for this in some way he might be separated from his companion. Even the bare thought of this latter catastrophe filled him with pain and, and in a measure incapacitated him for calm judgment. He knew well the promise he had given to the juggler, and he feared that even now the strange man was in pursuit of him. If such was the case, and he was discovered, he might be detained, and by being that subject to scrutiny the secret of his companion's fate was revealed. A thousand dim, undated fears whirled painfully through his mind, and at length he resolved to escape unobserved from the place if possible. He knew that he had pledged his word with the juggler, for the performance of a certain work, but the safety of Yu-li was not for a single instant to be set at sacrifice for this. He tried to make it appear that there would be no danger—that he had better remain where he was, than attempt to escape, but he could not. The confidence which, at the ruins, he had felt in the juggler, was gone, and once more came the distrust—the dim dread of the strange man. Had he been alone he would have given the man hardly a thought beyond the natural curiosity which his appearance excited, but it was for another now that his heart beat.

"Paul," said the fair maiden, looking up with sudden surprise, "you seem troubled. What is it?"

Paul sat down for a moment, and bowed his head. His thoughts were quickly framed, and returning his companion's look, he said:

"I think we had better leave this place."

"Leave it? How?" uttered Yu-li, in sudden alarm. "Is there danger?"

"I do not know that there is," returned the youth, speaking as cheerfully as possible; "but yet I would rather not remain here. The man who came into the yard a few minutes since will recognize me if he sees me, and I have no desire to run any risk. If we could get away unobserved, I think I should do so."

"Paul, if there be danger let us flee," cried Yu-li, in terror.

"Do not be too much alarmed, for there may be no real danger."

"But who is this man?"

"Did you ever hear of Ye-fu-li?"

"What? The Juggler of Nankin?" asked the maiden, starting.

"Yes."

"I have often heard of him. The prince has told me of him, and I think the prince feared him. He is a terrible man."

"In what is he terrible?" Paul asked, ready at any moment to seek information respecting the juggler's real character.

"His power is dreadful," answered Yu-li, of him, and the prince has told me of him. If he is here, and knows you, let us flee."

Again Paul considered, but by this time the idea had become firmly fixed in his mind that if the juggler discovered him, Yu-li would be snatched from him. He forgot all his cooler judgment—he forgot all his natural boldness. Love had made him fearful, and in this frame of mind he would not be wished to conceal from me. I think," the maiden continued, lowering her voice, and speaking tremulously, "that the juggler is some near connexion of the prince's wife. From words that I have heard fall from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that such was the fact, and it may be that Ye-fu-li possesses some clue to the prince's faithlessness, and seeks to expose him."

A beam of intelligence shot across Paul's mind. This was exactly in accordance with the juggler's words and manner in the ruined temple, and our hero thought now that he had a clue to the whole. He told Yu-li of his meeting the strange man in the ruins, and of the promise which he himself then made.

"And," he added, "I have no doubt that the juggler wishes to get you into his hands as an evidence against the faithless prince."

And Yu-li's fears ran in the same channel. It was, they both thought, a natural conclusion, and of course their minds were made up to get away from the place as quickly as possible.

Paul remembered that there was a back way leading to the stables, and that from the stables he could pass out into the garden. This he resolved to try, and having examined his pistols, and helped Yu-li arrange her dress, he went to the door and looked out into the passage. He could hear voices in the bar-room, but the way to the stables seemed to be clear. He went back and took Yu-li by the hand, and bade her be of good courage. She assured him that she should not falter, and with this assurance he set forth. He passed on by the head of the stairs that led down into the hall, and descended by a sort of ladder that was used by the servants. This led him to the back entry-way, and on opening the door at the foot of the ladder he found himself, as he supposed he should, in the passage leading to the stables.

"You will not take the horses, I suppose," whispered the maiden.

"No," returned Paul. "We could not get clear with them, and, besides, we do not want them. We must make our escape by water."

It was now quite dark, and our adventurers were quite secure from observation. They had no difficulty in making their way to the garden, and after some trouble in picking their way amongst the shrubbery they gained the road at a distance of some rods from the inn, and then started at once for the shore of the lake. Here they found quite a number of boats, and luckily Paul soon discovered the very one in which he had crossed the lake before, and on halting the captain he found that he had remained upon that side of the lake ever since, only going out occasionally to fish. Our hero asked the fellow

to take him and his companion on board and make sail at once, but to this very strong objection were raised.

"Wait till morning," urged the captain, "and then I'll start as early as you wish."

But Paul urged his business—he must be in Shanghai at such a time. Then the captain talked about the weather—he was fearful of a storm. At length Paul said something about gold, and the captain's ears were opened. An ounce of gold possessed the "Open Sesame" upon the fellow's will, and in a few minutes the crew were called to get up the iron-wood anchor and make sail. They grumbled considerably at the order, and at first seemed unwilling to obey. Paul was anxious that there should be no disturbance, and slipping forward he placed a piece of silver in the hands of each, and from that moment they had no more objections. In half an hour the clumsy vessel was clear of the shore, and pulled lazily through the water. The wind was from the south, and though not very fresh, yet it was strong enough to fill the lumbering bamboo sails and shove the craft ahead at a fair walking pace.

"We are clear now," said Paul, as he sat by Yu-li's side under the weather quarter rail; "and I am glad that the juggler came as he did, for it has been the means of hurrying us along in our journey."

"I hope we are safe," was Yu-li's reply. She did not speak as one having any fear, but yet there was a tinge of anxiety in her tone.

"O, I am almost certain of safety now," quickly returned Paul, in a light, confident tone; "for when we reach the opposite shore we shall be only about a day's journey from Shanghai if we can obtain more horses, and when once in Shanghai we shall be most assuredly safe, for no power can take you from me then. Courage, my love, and let hope be your star to-night."

Yu-li pressed her lover's hand, and in low tones she murmured her sweet hopes. Once more the dangers were forgotten, and together they wandered off into the heaven which their loves had made. An hour they passed there in holy, happy communion of soul with soul, riveting more firmly the bonds of affection, and probing more deeply into each other's heart. Deeper and stronger grew their love, and brighter and more peaceful opened their dreams of bliss. They seemed to touch the earth but lightly with their feet, for their dreams were heaven, of a heaven which had grown out of their own souls, and into which the god of love had entered and built his throne. They thought not that such a thing as separation could come, for they thought only of the things of life; and a separation would have been death most surely.

As length as the six great masts, damp and chill, Paul conducted her sweet companion to the low, dingy cabin, where there were some half dozen bamboo frames suspended from the beams overhead, and in which were mattresses and blankets. Paul assisted Yu-li to get into one of these swinging cots, and then he took possession of the one next to her. Yu-li murmured the prayer which Paul had taught her, and having finished her goodnight, she closed her eyes to sleep, and shortly afterwards the youth himself sank to slumber with a prayer upon his lips; it was a prayer for the child, confiding being who had trusted her whole of earthly care to his keeping—and he prayed that God would smile upon his faith, but cease to bless him when he should forget to live for Yu-li. Before he slept he knew that the breeze was fresh, and this gave him more comfort, for he thought he was being wafted more swiftly towards his haven of safety.

Paul was dreaming a wild fantastic dream, in which Yu-li, Ye-fu-li, the prince and himself were strangely mixed up, when he experienced a shock that came right throwing him from his cot. He heard a loud crashing above his head, mingled with the shrieks and yells of the crew. As soon as he was able to recover himself he sprang from his place of rest and spoke to Yu-li. She was frightened, but Paul made her promise to remain where she was till he returned, and then he hastened on deck. He found that the mast had gone over the side, and that the one-sided bowsprit was also gone.

"Tien-ten have mercy!" cried the captain, flying about the deck like a crazy man, gazing first at the shattered stump of his mast, and then running to the bows to see how the deck was torn up where the head of the bowsprit had come out.

It was some time before Paul could get the fellow to answer any questions, but when he had partially come to his senses our hero found that the vessel had struck a rock, and on following the direction of the captain's finger he saw a tall black pyramid looming up just under the quarter. The rock was plainly in sight, lifting itself boldly from the water, and the craft had struck her bowsprit plump upon it. The mast had been a worn-out, rotten affair, and that had gone from the force of the concussion. Paul knew that the accident was the result of the most reckless neglect, and he berated the lubberly captain accordingly, but the captain could only fling time to bemoan the loss of his worthless spars. The hull of the vessel was found to have sustained no serious injury. There was one slight leak close by the stern, but it was stopped without much difficulty, and then Paul went to see if there were any means at hand by which the vessel could be kept upon her course. He found one solitary spar, and a long pole with a setting-pole in one end and a hook the other. There was not a spare spar, nor was there such a thing as an inch of sail.

"What can we do?" asked the youth, after he had made an examination of everything on board.

"I have no doubt that the juggler wishes to get you into his hands as an evidence against the faithless prince."

And Yu-li's fears ran in the same channel. It was, they both thought, a natural conclusion, and of course their minds were made up to get away from the place as quickly as possible.

Paul remembered that there was a back way leading to the stables, and that from the stables he could pass out into the garden. This he resolved to try, and having examined his pistols, and helped Yu-li arrange her dress, he went to the door and looked out into the passage. He could hear voices in the bar-room, but the way to the stables seemed to be clear. He went back and took Yu-li by the hand, and bade her be of good courage. She assured him that she should not falter, and with this assurance he set forth. He passed on by the head of the stairs that led down into the hall, and descended by a sort of ladder that was used by the servants. This led him to the back entry-way, and on opening the door at the foot of the ladder he found himself, as he supposed he should, in the passage leading to the stables.

"You will not take the horses, I suppose," whispered the maiden.

"No," returned Paul. "We could not get clear with them, and, besides, we do not want them. We must make our escape by water."

It was now quite dark, and our adventurers were quite secure from observation. They had no difficulty in making their way to the garden, and after some trouble in picking their way amongst the shrubbery they gained the road at a distance of some rods from the inn, and then started at once for the shore of the lake. Here they found quite a number of boats, and luckily Paul soon discovered the very one in which he had crossed the lake before, and on halting the captain he found that he had remained upon that side of the lake ever since, only going out occasionally to fish. Our hero asked the fellow

"Do nothing but trust to Buddha," replied the captain.

"But suppose Buddha will not help you?"

"Then I'll pray more."

"But if he does not listen then?"

"I'll burn gold paper for him."

"But if he refuses then?"

"I'll burn more."

"And suppose he is silent still?"

The Chinaman gazed up with a sort of bewilderment upon Paul, and after a few moments of thought he said:

"Perhaps you are so wicked that the great Buddha thinks I had no business to take you."

Paul could not but smile at the fellow's simple faith in the power of his Buddha, but the smile soon faded away, for he began to realize that he might have to spend a long time on board the lumbering wreck. There was no means of putting the hull upon her course, and after considering upon every possible point our hero came to the sad conclusion that the vessel must have her own way. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the wind was still from the south. As near as Paul could calculate, they were being drifted through the water at the rate of about two miles an hour, but not more than that.

"It's hard," he said, addressing Yu-li, after they had gone back to the cabin. "We may be two or three days knocking about here."

The maiden was greatly troubled when she saw that her lover was uneasy, for they trusted all to him. Paul saw this, and with an effort he threw off all appearance of fear and tried to make it appear that there was but little room yet for danger.

"I'm sorry to be thus detained," he said, drawing the maiden upon his bosom, "but we have not much to fear. As soon as we touch the shore we can find horses, and then set forward at full speed. Let us hope for the best."

Yu-li did hope, and being fully assured that there was no immediate danger from the elements, she once more sought her rest.

When the daylight of length came, Paul went on deck and took a survey of the horizon, but he could see no signs of land. The wind still held from the southward, and at sunrise it seemed to freshen a little. The captain had recovered of his self-possession in part, though he still bewailed his loss, but when Paul told him that he would give him enough to buy new spars and sails he became cheerful and happy.

That day passed away, and Paul spent the greater part of it in teaching Yu-li to speak his own language. He was surprised at the progress she made, and as he redoubled his exertions she appreciated it by the increased attention which she gave to his instructions. On the next morning land was to be seen to the northward, but the wind died away almost to a calm, so that at night they had made but a few miles nearer to the distant shore. On the third morning they could see that the shore was considerably nearer, but the wind had hauled to the southward and eastward, and though it blew quite fresh, yet Paul did not like it, for it was blowing him in a way he had no wish to go. On the fourth morning the shore was not more than seven miles distant, but the wind was very low, and it was not until near evening that they managed to get off a boat from the shore by their signals. It was a small, skiff-like boat, with square bows and stern, which came off, and contained two men. The captain made known his wishes, and after much fuss and trouble a line was got from the bows of the bulk to the boat, and then the two men began to pull at the line. This helped the vessel some, for before dark she had been hauled alongside of a rough pier, and with thankful hearts Paul and Yu-li stepped upon dry land. They had been four days and four nights on board the vessel, and those four days were all lost, for with a fair wind they might have crossed the lake in twelve hours at least. But it was too late now to repine, so they tried to forget what of misfortune had passed and hoped for better fortune to come.

They had landed at the mouth of a small stream, and at a short distance there was quite a village which the natives called Ye-tchi. The captain of the vessel was acquainted in the place, and he conducted Paul to a small inn where were found very respectable accommodations. The youth did not dare now to trust himself away from Yu-li, and the captain engaged a single room, making up his own bed upon the floor, while his companion occupied the bamboo couch.

Night came on, and Paul and Yu-li joined their hands in silent prayer. The youth gazed out upon the starry heavens, and his eyes rested upon a point towards his native land. At that moment he thought of the fairy tales he used to read when he was a boy, and he even prayed that some kind genius would take him up with his love and carry him away to his island home. He was sorry that the age of the genii had passed.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### A RUPTURE IN THE FLOT.

While Paul Arden and Yu-li were upon the lake, let us look into the palace of the Prince Kong-ti at Nankin. It was on the very morning after the terrible discovery was made by Tai at the house in the country. The prince was in one of his own private rooms drinking tea. It was well into the forenoon, and yet the grandee had but just risen. His face was pale and careworn, though ever and anon a flush would pass over his features, showing the muscles with quick, decided emotions. Several times he looked at his watch, and at length he left his tea and finished his morning's toilet. Ere long after this was done a page entered the room and informed him that two officers wished to see him. He ordered them to be shown to him, and ere long two fat, gray-looking mandarins were ushered into the room.

"I knock my head on the great prince of Nankin," fervently uttered the first, making a bow almost to the floor.

"I shut my eyes in the presence of the illustrious brother of the Great Son of Heaven," said the second, bowing lower than his companion.

"Tay-tsu, and you, Li-tsung, are both welcome," said the prince; and thereupon there succeeded any quantity of bowing of heads, swinging of hands, scraping of feet, and utterings of set phrases.

"You have sent for us," said Tay-tsu, after he had settled his obese body into a big chair.

"You have sent for us," repeated Li-tsung, accompanying the words with a motion that deposited his load of fat in a second chair.

"Yes, I have sent for you," said the prince, now seating himself. As he spoke he looked very grave and sad, and a tear was forced into his eyes. "I have sent for you," he continued, "to open to you cars a thing that will make the nation weep."

Kong-ti here stopped and wiped away the tear which had grown cold upon his cheek, and then he continued:

"I fear that the Great Spirit of Heaven wants another soul to keep him company. Niao can live but a short time longer."

"The princess!" cried both the mandarins at a breath.

"Even so," said the prince. "The dark death-spirit has been at her side for many days and many nights, and I fear she cannot live to see the setting of this day's sun. I would have you prepare the people for the sad intelligence, and have the bonzes all at prayer continually. Let the drums in the temples be beat without ceasing, and let Buddha be propitiated with befitting gifts."

At this point the prince fairly wept, and the fat mandarins shook with well-managed emotion.

"What I know of disease threatens our illustrious lady!" at length asked Tay-tsu.

"Alas! I fear not," groaned Kong-ti. "It is a strange eating away of life, such as I have never before seen. You may go now and do as I have bid. Let not the noise be too great, for I am sad and rolled in the dust of affliction."

The mandarins arose from their seats and bowed very low, and then they backed out from the apartment, and went away to perform their melancholy mission. As soon as the prince was left alone he arose from his seat and moved across the room; but he was left not long to enjoy his own solitary undisturbed, for shortly after the mandarins had left, Li entered his presence.

"Ah, good Li," uttered the grandee, "you are come in season. What of the princess?"

"I think all is well," returned the attendant.

"But I have prepared our people for her death. I think you will follow her."

"Yes. After you left last night I went around and ascended a tree near the window of her chamber. By the strong moonlight I could see the bed and the woman, for my position just admitted of that and no more. I saw her take the bowl and drink, and I think she must have drunk considerable."

"A single swallow would prove fatal in time," said the prince, "and these swallows will kill her in less than from sun to sun. Did you see her this morning?"

"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but she was not up."

"Then the work is going on," said the prince, with a look and tone of relief. "I think she will see the last of this life before the day is done. She will be better off away from this earth."

"I think you will be well rid of her before the sun is set," added Li, with a congratulatory look, "and then nothing will be in your way."

The prince took two or three turns up and down the room, evidently in deep thought. He did not seem to be troubled at all by what he was doing, but only by what he should do after the darkest part of his work should be consummated. His idea of woman was not an exalted one. Like most of his countrymen he looked upon the other sex as something only fashioned for his use and service, and he never realized that there were such things as mutual obligations between husband and wife. He was sorry that his laws would not allow him to marry as many wives as he pleased, for then he might have secured the trouble of his present work. To be sure he might take to himself as many hand-maidens as he could afford to buy, but she whom he now sought could never be degraded to a position so degrading. The emotion uppermost in his bosom was, gratitude that the way to the possession of the matchless Yu-li was now opened to him—he felt no sorrow for the terrible plan now obliged to adopt to carry forward his purpose.

At length the prince stopped in his walk and looked at his attendant.

"Good Li," he said, "you may go at once and send off messengers to inform the relatives of Niao that she is surely dying. Have them informed that their kinswoman is seized with a dreadful malady, and—"

The prince was here broken in upon by a loud noise from the hall, and before he had time to take any steps to ascertain its cause the door of his apartment was burst open, and a woman, all dust-covered and toll-forn, rushed in. Half a dozen of the servants followed in hot haste to drag her back, but the prince had recognized the new-comer, and with a quick motion he drove the servants back. It was the woman Li-tan who had come. Kong-ti uttered an exclamation of wild astonishment when he saw her, and as soon as the room was clear, and he knew that the servants were out of hearing, he sank down into a chair.

"Lan-Lan," he cried, trembling violently, "why are you come?"

But it was some moments before the woman could reply, and a second time the prince asked the question. In time, however, she spoke:

"My master," she said, "did you know that Fan-king had left the place beneath the temples?"

"Left his post? Fan-king? Left the temples?" exclaimed the prince. "Has he dared to do it?"

"Then you did not send a young man there to take his place?" said the woman, speaking fervently.

"Send a young man? By the great Spirit of Heaven, woman, speak and tell me what you mean!" cried the prince, starting up from his seat and grasping the messenger by her arm.



"A few nights since, my master—on the very night after you were last here—a young man came down and told us you had sent him in Fung-king's place, and that we should see Fung-king no more."

"It's false! all, all false! By my great power I'll tear the limb from limb. But you should not have left him here, Lan."

"Ah, my master," returned the woman, recoiling as she spoke, "he fled before I came."

"But Yu-lu! you have not dared to leave her alone!"

The woman dared not speak. She moved still further back, but the prince followed her again. "Speak!" he gasped, seizing her again by the arm. "Tell me all you know. Did you leave Yu-lu there alone?"

"She has fled!" whispered Lan; and as she spoke she sank down upon her knees and clasped her hands.

The prince recalled a few steps like one who has received a death-stroke. He glared upon the woman before him, and with an instinctive movement he snatched his dagger from its sheath, but in a moment more he put it back again.

"Fid!" he said, and you yet alive!"

"Alas, my master, I could not help it. Listen to me, and you shall see that I am not to blame. Fung-king is the one who must have been overcome."

The prince sat down and beckoned for Lan to proceed, while he went to see that no one was near the door. After this the woman went on and told her story. She told how Fung-king had left the suburban apartments, and how, shortly afterwards she had given entrance to the young stranger without noting that he was not the coach. She told how frankly he had spoken to her, and how he offered to watch during the night. On the next morning she had found herself alone. She went up among the ruins and searched them all through, and when she found they were gone, she had hastened at once to Nankin.

"And Fung-king?" uttered the prince, when the woman had closed her story.

"I have seen nothing of him."

Kong-ti was stricken with a fearful emotion. It was not that he was angry, nor was it that he was a sort of wild, tumultuous thrill of varied passion, and for a while he seemed totally unable to think or act.

"Prince," said Li, seeing how his master was situated, "she has evidently fled, and can only be caught by quick pursuit. Some one must have lain in wait at the ruins and discovered your secret, and thus gained access to the place. Perhaps it was some one who had known her before."

"Lan," exclaimed the prince, at this juncture, "did you see them together—this young man and Yu-lu?"

"For a few moments."

"How did they appear?"

"Once she had been weeping, I am sure. I did not think of it then, but the thought has come since that there was much love between them."

"By the heaven's great Spirit!" cried the prince, striking his breast with both hands. "I'll scour the empire but I find them. You know not which way they went?"

"I know they came this way as far as the hamlet of Leao, and from thence they must have struck off further to the southward," replied Lan. "There, at the hamlet, I heard of a young man and a boy. The young man must have been the same one who came to our retreat, and the boy must have been Yu-lu."

A few moments the prince thought while he walked up and down the room, and when he stopped he seemed to have regained his strength of mind.

"Li," he said, "I cannot leave my palace now, for I must be here. I wish my wife were not quite so sick. But we have faithful men. Send off four detachments of three men each. Take my old guard. You take such men as you please and go direct to Tai-ling, and from there follow on towards the Tai-ho lake. Let the others keep further to the southward. O, bring them to me and you shall grow beneath the weight of the wealth I will heap upon you."

Let the others think this is a hand-me-down of mine, and beware that they do not ungrudgingly tell too much. Perhaps you can find her, Li."

"The country shall be well searched, at all events," was Li's reply. "If I can but once get upon their track I will have them."

"Do not spare horse-flesh," cried the excited gauds.

"I fear but that I shall take every means of motive power within my reach," confidently returned Li. "I am not in the habit of hesitating at trifles."

Li turned to the woman and obtained a minute description of the young man's person, and when he had gained this he set out to make his arrangements for departure, while the prince thought it safe to confine Lan where he could hold no communication with any of the servants.

In half an hour from that time Li rode out from the palace-court, followed by eleven men, two of whom he meant for his own companions, while the other nine were to be divided as the prince had directed. Kong-ti saw them depart, and when they were gone a cold, damp chill fell upon his soul as his heart. Until the present time nothing had occurred to disturb the current of his base hopes, but now the waters were moved, and the turmoil made him uneasy, for a dim fear settled down over his soul that this might not be the last of his troubles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"OLD HUNDRED."—The history of this old paper, which almost everybody has been accustomed to hear since they can remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an English clergyman. Martin Luther has been called the father of the "Old Hundred," but it has been discovered that it was composed in the sixteenth century, by William Frazer, a German. In the course of time, it has been considerably changed from the original, and it is said that, as it first appeared, it was of a more lively character than at present.—*Musical Journal.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MARY.

BY W. WALLACE GERRILL.

When the daylight is departing,  
And the twilight draws nigh—  
When the last red rays of sunlight  
Linger in the western sky;  
When the pale moon smiles sweetly,  
On the star-dotted bow of night,  
And the silent world is bathed in  
A sea of silver light—

When the song birds cease their singing,  
And in lonely places seek rest—  
When those deepest lights, sweetly,  
And art with bright vision meet;  
When the night-doves on the dewy lee  
Wave in the soft south wind;  
O, I pray to be remembered  
By the one I've loved so true!

Then may I think of me as faint,  
As an erring child of day,  
As one who has been wandering  
As a wanderer far away;  
But then is a faint of feeling  
Waiting up within my heart,  
That tells me thou wilt remember,  
Be we ever so far apart!

Love me not for good or evil  
That has mingled in my breast,  
Stirring up the tide of passion  
From their long, unbroken rest;  
Though in the midst of grief and pain,  
Thou mayest my form forget,  
O, send thy heart's glad treasure  
Let my spirit linger yet!

Let it come to thee at even  
When the twilight breeze sweeps,  
And when thou shalt feel its presence,  
Think I love thee, O, as well!  
That upon my heart's bright mirror  
An image ever dwells,  
Whose form is of angelic mould,  
Whose features all are thine!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A GAME FOR A HEART.

A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY W. H. LOHING.

This day was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the trees were stretching far to the eastward, over the browned greenward of a rural French landscape, as two horsemen, dusty and travel-soiled, slowly pursued their way along a sandy road that skirted the edges of a walnut wood.

Both of the horsemen were armed cap-a-pie, and bore powerful black destriers, or war-horses, but though the points of the Dunois showed goodly, their condition also betokened severe service. They were thin in flesh, and moved along with drooping crests, dragging their feet as if scarcely able to support their heavy furniture and the ponderous weight of their riders' armor. Both knights, for such they were, carried their helmets slung at their saddle-bows, and, in their stead, riding-caps of velvet.

Their lances had been abandoned, but their heavy, two-handed swords, suspended in broad baldric, hung behind them, the grip appearing above the right shoulder, and the point descending far below the spur. The plier and stouter of the two cavaliers was sheathed in black armor, but other than travel-taints dimmed in surface.

"I was," said the younger, "I was with you, and here and there stains of a deeper hue than rust seemed to indicate that the wearer had recently been exposed to deadly peril."

The armor of his companion, while lighter, was far more elegant and costly. It was of fine Milan steel, curiously inlaid with gold, and as light as plumage warranted for defense. Such a harness seemed better fitted for the tiltyard than the battle-field, and the light and elegantly formed armor for a jouster at the barrier, than a stern charger on the plain. Yet he bore himself right gallantly, in spite of the traces of fatigue and suffering that marked his features.

His armor, like that of his companion, showed hard usage, and while he guided his charger gracefully with his right, his bridle hand rested in a sling.

"By our lady of Paris!" said the younger, "I cannot endure this much discomfort, and I think, Dunois, it were better to give up all hopes of bed and board, and care of loach, and stretch our weary limbs for the night under a greenwood tree, turning our horses out to graze. They cannot go much farther. Your horse is blown, and Abdullah seems sinking under my weight. What say you? I must be grooms for the nonce, and rid them of their harness ourselves—for a lost battle and a hurried flight have shorn us of our revenue. What say you to a couch on the greenward with the blue vault for the canopy?"

"I might endure it, sire," replied Dunois, for it was that gallant noble whom King Charles VII. addressed, "but you, wounded as you are, it were madness. You would never rise again, and the hope of France must not be lost without a struggle."

"Would that I had died under shield, royally and knightly!" said the young king, in a tone of deep despondency.

"Say not so, sire!" cried Dunois. "Life and hope are left us. The oriflamme of France is not destined to be trailed forever in the dust—the cloud cannot forever overshadow our beautiful France. Your majesty will yet live to drive these island wolves back to their den."

The king shook his head mournfully.

"The chivalry of France is prostrate!" said he.

"Nay, sire, it is but like the fabled giant who renewed his strength when he touched the earth. There are crows of loyal hearts and brave arms left to rally yet around the throne, and raise the royal banner from the dust of battle, and set in protest of our anarchy of good fortune, Abdullah rears his crest—a good omen! There is shelter at hand. Good cheer, sire!"

And even as he spoke, the monarch's horse pricked up his ears, raised his head and uttered a joyous neigh, which was answered by his comrade with a claxon note. Without any pressure of the arm, the horse struck Dunois a sharp trot, and as they gained the summit of a

slight elevation, the riders, through an opening in the wood, perceived, not far remote, the towers of a lordly castle.

"You were a true prophet, Dunois!" cried the king, joyously. "And now ride on, in God's name. Within sight of shelter, I feel how sorely I stand in need of it. But one caution I advance—remember that in yonder castle I am no longer king of France, but only Charles Edmond, a wounded knight. It does not suit my humor to claim the homage due my rank, when I come a vanquished fugitive from a lost field. Forget not, then, that I am only an humble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget, sire," replied the count, as he gave his horse the spur.

In a few moments they drew rein before the castle, and Dunois, winding a call on his bagle, summoned the warden to the wall, and demanded hospitality of the lord of the castle. It was courteously granted, the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and with glad hearts, the king and his companion rode under the echoing archway into the great courtyard, where the lord of the castle, in person, the Sieur de Sorel, stood there to dismiss them. They were conducted to an apartment, where they were divested of their armor, furnished with baths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed by a skillful practitioner. After this, they were led into the banquet hall, and conducted to the place of honor on the raised dais. But it was not the light of the board, or the exquisite model of her form, while her manner, at once animated and high bred, was as charming as her beauty. At the table, after the first cravings of appetite were satisfied, and while Dunois entertained the lord of the castle with a description of the battle, the wounded king discoursed of minstrelsy, and love and tournaments to his fair young hostess, displaying all the courtesy gains that he possessed to perfection, yet ever and anon the fair one turned to listen to the narrative of Dunois.

"And so the king has fled!" she said, with flashing eyes. "Better he had fallen on the field. It is true, then, that he loves minstrelsy and tournaments better than the royal life of the camp and field."

"Not so, fair lady," said Dunois. "He did his duty like a gallant knight, charging in the thickest of the fray. I myself saw his plume shorn from his crest, and himself wounded. His wish was to perish with his body-guard, and there were those around him who seized his bridle-reins, and forced him from the field."

"And where is he now?" cried Agnes—for that was the maiden's name—"for the king, hastily, 'we were separated from the royal train. He is doubtless safe.'"

"Heaven be praised for that!" said the lord of the castle.

"Amen!" responded the lady.

During the evening, Charles attached himself to the fair Agnes, but found it difficult to engage her attention, the handsomeness and majesty of Dunois seemed constantly to divert her eyes and thoughts. He therefore, finally pleaded his wound and fatigue as an apology for retiring, and, afraid to leave Dunois behind him, he signed to the count to accompany him to his apartment.

"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king, as he threw himself upon his couch. "A battle as noble as this, a faunting fight, with a hospitable roof at last, and an angel of beauty to revive a fainting soul!"

"You did full homage to her charms, sire."

"And she, the sorceress, turned from me to you. Dunois! I am jealous."

"Ah, sire! it was a maiden's capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank!"

"There it is, Dunois. I would give nothing for a conquest won by my rank. I must be loved for myself alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field fairly together as rivals, and see which will win."

"Is such your wish, sire?"

"It is—my comrade, and now, Dunois! Good night. Better days for France. And his eyes closing as he ceased to speak, the king fell instantly asleep, and, if it must be confessed, snored like any common mortal."

The next day and the next were passed in desperate love-making. The heart of the monarch was irretrievably lost, and perhaps for the very reason that he was a cooler player. Dunois advanced far more rapidly than his royal rival in the good graces of the lovely Agnes. The third night, the king was in a very sudden and ungracious humor—Dunois lost his favor in proportion as he gained that of the lady. Dunois, on his part, was getting desperately in love and determined to succeed.

Matters were in this state when the king, now thoroughly faithful for the result of his rivalry, resolved to resort to one of those stratagems which are as justifiable in love, as in war and politics. He summoned Dunois.

"My brave Dunois," said he, "you know how I have loved you!"

"Indeed, sire, I am but too proud and happy in your favor."

"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."

"I know it, Dunois, and I have been thinking how I might best recompense your loyalty and devotion. I know that your gallant spirit chafes at this idle life which my disabled condition reconciles me to for a while. It is cruelly to keep you by my side while you are able to bear arms."

"Say nothing of it, I entreat your majesty," cried Dunois, who saw through the duplicity of

his royal friend. "Nothing will induce me to leave your majesty's side."

"Nothing but my commands," replied the king, with a malicious smile.

"O, if your majesty commands my absence, that's a different affair," replied Dunois with deep chagrin.

"Do command it, my noble friend," cried Charles, grasping his hand. "I make you generalissimo of my army, and I command you forthwith to raise the royal standard and rally all true and gallant subjects to its support. Here is your commission, accompanied by your warrant, written by my own hand—signed with my own seal. Depart this moment."

"I will but bid adieu to Agnes."

"Stay not even for that, my dear friend," said the king earnestly. "Your horse is saddled in the court yard. I will make your excuses to our host. Ride forth—and God be with you."

"Sire!" replied Dunois, "believe me, I shall not forget this mark of your majesty's confidence and favor."

He bent his knee, raised the royal hand to his lips, and then, with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and resentment at the interruption of his courtship, left the presence and mounted his horse.

The king watched his departure from the rampart. As he spurred his proud charger from under the gateway, he turned in his saddle and waved an adieu to a certain turret window, from whence, in the guise of a fluttering kerchief, streamed the faraway of the fair Agnes.

"The absent are always wrong," muttered the king, in the words of a proverb. "This formidable rival out of the way, the lady of the castle is mine."

And he descended to meet the enchantress, and apologize for the abrupt departure of his friend. That evening he displayed all his graces and was listened to with marked attention. There appeared to be no regret for the absent one. But the next day, when Charles was preparing to lay a scientific siege to the fair one, came a herald to the castle bearing a proclamation from the commander-in-chief, ordering all knights of France, whether wounded or not, to repair to the royal standard, and menacing with the king's displeasure and with forfeiture of estate and rank, any and all who should give harbor or shelter to any bold enough or base enough to disobey the summons.

"I regret, sir knight," said the lady Agnes, "that we are to be so summarily deprived of your society."

"For that matter," replied the king, who smarted at this retort on the part of Dunois, the motive of which he detected at a glance, "I shall not be so discourteous as to leave you suddenly. I will tarry a few days longer."

"But the summons is peremptory."

"I am hardly able to bear my armor yet, as you can testify, fair maiden, since you have kindly tended me," replied the king.

"Forgive me, fair sir," rejoined the lady. "I think I can fairly authorize you to take the field again."

"Ah—cruel one! you are glad of the pretext for banishing me."

"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and if my father consents—"

"Consents to what?" cried the old man, entering the hall at that moment.

"To my prolonging my stay a few days longer here," said the king, anxiously.

"What?" cried the lord of the castle, "in the face of yonder proclamation? Not so! I were my own son, I would not harbor you. The king will every knight to join his standard."

"I think my tarrying would not displease his majesty," said the king.

"There is no exception in the orders," said the inflexible old man. "Well and wounded must to the standard. As a loyal knight you must obey."

At this moment a horn sounded without. The knights were heard to fall—hoof to ring in the courtyard, and then the clank of armed footsteps approaching—a warrior sheathed in steel rushed into the apartment. The visor of his plumed helmet was raised, and his bold features beamed with fierce excitement.

It was Dunois the brave.

"What news from the war?" cried the lord of the castle.

"News that would stir the dead from their graves!" cried Dunois. "News that should ring through France like the tramp of approaching doom."

"Speak! I charge you!" cried the king, quivering with excitement. "What news?"

"The English have taken Paris!"

"The English in Paris! and I here!" cried Charles. "Mother of God! I must not lose a moment. What ho! bring me my arms! Bring me my coat of Milan steel—my helm and all my panoply. Saddle Abdullah instantly. Old man! do you stand trembling there? Forget your age as I my wound. Arm all your vassals! they must ride with us. Despatch! Despatch! Each and every of us is golden!"

"And who are you that speaks with such authority?"

"Charles of France, your king!" exclaimed Dunois.

"O, sire!" cried Agnes, falling at his feet, "I should have known you by the gallant words. Now I feel the destinies of France are safe with you—and if the prayers of Agnes Sorel can avail—nightly, hourly, shall they be offered up for you."

"Rise, dear maiden," said the king. "You shall help arm me for your knight—and buckle on my sword and spurs—and I will wear your colors in the field. Glory were little without the love of Agnes Sorel."

Swiftly moved the fingers of the beauteous maiden as she armed him for the battle, and her own scarf fluttered from his shoulder, as he galloped from the castle by the side of the brave Dunois.

"You have conquered, sire," said the count.

"May you be as fortunate in war as love. He plays a losing game who plays against a king."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ON THE DEATH OF ELLIDA.

BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE.

God reigns on earth, and reigns above,  
And orders each eventful hour;  
A God of majesty and power!  
A God of justice and of love!

He who afflicts his children here,  
Have for their everlasting pain;  
For this—the oft unbidden pain!  
For this—the sad and bitter tear!

The young and lovely died away,  
When death is bid to stoop the bow;  
Within the narrow grave laid low,  
They crumble back again to clay.

And thus depart the friends we love!  
Within the heart and memories dwell,  
Yet recollection waves a spell  
Around those dark days—now above.

And though they can return no more  
To cheer us on our weary way,  
In mansions of eternal day  
May we meet them when life is o'er.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OPERA FAN.

BY MRS. B. WELLMONT.

"The chandeliers must be lighted every night in the drawing-room," remarked Mrs. Russell to her newly hired servant-maid, "not that we often use them, John, but it may be some friend may call, and they are kept burning simply for effect."

"If I should pick up the wick a little higher," inquired little Ella Marsh, "wouldn't it help you, mother, without so much straining of the eyes over the gathering in Mrs. Russell's shirt?"

"No, child, there is no oil in the lamp is the trouble, and you know we burned the last candle a night or two ago."

"How I wish," said Ella, "you could just sit one hour under the light of those beautiful branches of lamps in Mrs. Russell's parlour, mother. When I carried home that last piece of work you did for her, she bade me follow her and she stood under the most brilliant lamps I ever saw, and counted out the change for me—and there wasn't a word in either of those great big rooms—I suppose they were going to have a party, don't you, mother?"

"No, my child, rich people always consume a great deal of gas that is not used by any one—but never mind, Ella, I shall finish the six shirts to-morrow, and when you bring me back the six dollars in payment, we will get our canister of oil filled, and then I can see beautifully."

Mrs. Marsh was obliged to take off her spectacles, for there was a moisture upon them which needed rubbing off.

The next day little Ella appeared at the rich Mrs. Russell's door with her neat package of finished work. She was directed to the lady's chamber. How lightly she tripped up those long stairs; they were the footstep of hope. Mrs. Russell proceeded to examine the garments. First she looked at the stitching—then at the gathering—then she pulled at the side seams, and finally, after the strictest possible scrutiny, she looked at a hem, and exclaimed:

"What dirty thread your mother uses, Ella."

Ella blushed deeply, for it was a piece of hemming she had persuaded her mother to let her finish, and she had done so very nicely too, only the thread was a little rusty. Still Ella sat in expectation of the payment. Mrs. Russell went to her bureau drawer, she looked at the contents of her purse.

"Ella," said she, "I cannot pay your mother to-day—I will call round some time next week."

The child went slowly down stairs—away were the footsteps of disappointment. We will not follow her home, for her heart was sad.

It is four o'clock, P. M. Mr. Russell sees the package of finished work lying upon his lounge.

"Did you pay for these articles, my dear?" inquired he of his wife.

"No, I promised the money next week."

"You did wrong, wife. Perhaps it was a great disappointment to the woman. Where is her bill? six dollars, hey, and recited—she thinks us honest. Where's the bill? Here it is seven dollars, do you take them. Still Ella sat in expectation of the payment. Mrs. Russell went to her bureau drawer, she looked at the contents of her purse.

"Six dollars," said she, "is enough for the work, in all conscience. What do men know about women's work? Ah, that extra dollar, added to the two I gave you this morning, will enable you to purchase that splendid opera fan at Jordan's—you will really need it to-morrow night."

And the poor widow and her only child thanked God that with the six dollars, the fruit of honest, patient labor, they could pay their week's rent, procure some food and groceries, and a few feet of wood. But Ella didn't thank her mother for the dollar she had suppressed from giving Mrs. Marsh—she waved the opera fan in the party—felt she ought to be gratified in her vassals, and resolved to act upon her mother's principle, "to get her sewing done at as cheap a rate as possible." Hopeful child! The next generation will not "rise up and call these blessed."

THE PLAINS OF CHALDEA.

Layard says that these plains produce some of the finest fruit in the world. A very delicious peach has lately been introduced into England, and has created a great deal of excitement among nurserymen. The plains in the spring of the year, are covered with gorgeous flowers. Truffles grow there in great abundance, and are quite extensively used as an article of food.

Layard also states that the hanging gardens of Babylon were no fiction, as he has found pictures representations of them in his excavations.

voices, but she could neither understand what was said, nor distinguish the speakers. In a few moments the house ceased, and the figure moved out into the main walk, and soon afterwards disappeared around an angle of the building.

Tai was now all alive with excitement, but yet not unmoved. She waited a few moments to see if the lurking figures would re-appear, but seeing nothing of them she noiselessly closed the window, and then moved towards her own bedroom and stationed herself at the silken door. For two hours she watched there without seeing anything, and she had just moved to the side of her bed to sit down, when her quick ear caught the sound of a movement in Niao's chamber. She glided quickly to the door and peeped through the aperture she had made in the silk. The panel in the wainscoting was just being slowly moved from its place, and in a moment more Tai saw the head and shoulders of a man. The face was concealed by a robe which was pulled up over the lower features, leaving the eyes alone visible. The girl's heart beat quick, and her breath came short and heavy, but her thoughts were clear, and her wits were at hand. The man, for a man it surely was—put his head into the room and gazed carefully about him. Then he bent his ears as if to listen, and seeming assured that the occupant of the bed slept soundly he noiselessly entered. He first moved towards the bedside upon which the waxen taper was burning, and as he let the robe fall from his features in order to free his mouth, that he might distinguish the light, Tai saw his face. A sudden faintness came over her, and an exclamation of horror came high escaping her lips, for she had seen the well-known features of Prince Kong-tai. Almost unable to credit the evidence of her own senses she gazed more intently upon the face of the intruder. That face was now close to the light, and every feature was revealed. There was no room for doubt—the terrible truth could not be hid. It was really and truly the prince! He extinguished the light, and his movements were now guided by the pale beams of the newly risen moon. Tai moved not from her place, nor did she even breathe aloud. The throbbing of her heart made more noise than did her breath, for over the heart she held not control—it would beat tumultuously in spite of her.

The prince moved to the bedside and looked for a moment upon the face of the sleeping wife, and then he drew a phial from his bosom. Tai saw him shake it, and then she saw him pour its contents into the bowl of tea which the princess was to drink. He did this, and then with his finger he stirred the beverage. He placed the phial back into his bosom, gazed once more upon the sleeper's face—and then he glided back from whence he had come, and closed the panel after him. Tai listened until she was assured he was gone, and then she threw herself upon her own bed; but she remained there only for an instant, for even as she lay down she felt that she was not mistress. She went back to the silken door and opened it, and creeping softly in she took the bowl and carried it away. In the closet of the drawing-room she had left a second bowl of tea, and this she took and carried to the chamber of her mistress and placed it where the other one had been. None of the movements had yet awakened the princess. She slept on, totally unconscious of the terrible realities that were growing to life about her.

After all this had been done the faithful waiter went back to the drawing room and sat down by the window where she had before been. This window looked towards the west, being on the opposite side of the building from the bed-chamber of the princess. Consequently the light of the rising moon, while the scene without was all plainly revealed, Tai had been there long before she saw the two figures come around the angle of the building, and she readily recognized them as the prince and his attendant, Li. They came into the shade of the building, and stopped directly beneath the very window where the girl was sitting. She could hear the hum of their voices, but could not make out what they said, for they spoke very low and cautiously. She had moved the sash partly open, and she bent her head as far forward as possible. In this position she could occasionally catch a word that was spoken.

"She could not have drank any of it," the girl distinctly heard Li say, but the answer of the prince she could not understand.

"How much will it take?" Li asked.

"But very little. A few swallows will be sufficient," returned the prince. Tai was sure that these were his words.

She tried to hear more, but though an occasional word came distinctly to her ears, yet she could not make out the connexion. At length the prince walked away, and Li turned and went around the building. The girl watched for some time longer, but as she saw nothing more of the men she arose from her seat. Before she did so, however, she heard the distant tramp of a horse upon the city road. She knew it was the prince returning to Nankin!

The handmaid returned to her chamber and looked in upon the princess. Niao was still reaching forth for the bowl, but Tai did not open the door nor give any signal of her presence. She saw her mistress drink and then lie down again. Then the girl left her post and sought her bed. She did not sleep, for she felt no desire to lose herself in slumber. She listened for any movement that might come from the adjoining chamber, and while she listened she reflected upon what had passed. She had a difficult task before her, for the princess must know what had transpired; but she did not shrink from the work now—she only felt sad and heart-sick to think of the blow that was to fall upon the sensitive soul of her beloved mistress.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### A LONG PASSAGE.

AFTER Paul Ardeen had seen the juggler enter the inn he sought the side of Yu-li. His mind was in a whirl of excitement, for he knew not what course to pursue. He feared to meet

Yo-fu, but that any personal danger could accrue to himself, or for fear that in some way he might be separated from his companion. Even the bare thought of this latter catastrophe filled his soul with pain, and in a measure incapacitated him for calm judgment. He knew well the promise he had given to the juggler, and he feared that even now the strange man was in pursuit of him. If such was the case, and he was discovered, he might be detained, and he being thus subject to scrutiny the secret of his companion's sex was revealed. A thousand dim, undefined fears whirled painfully through his mind, and at length he resolved to escape unobserved from the place if possible. He knew that he had pledged his word with the juggler, for the performance of a certain work, but the safety of Yu-li was not for a single instant to be set at sacrifice for this. He tried to make it appear that there would be no danger—that he had better remain where he was, than attempt to escape, but he could not. The confidence which, at the ruins, he had felt in the juggler, was gone, and once more came the distrust—the dim dread of the strange man. Had he been alone he would have given the man hardly a thought beyond the natural curiosity which he felt for an excited, but it was for another now that his heart beat.

"Paul," said the fair maiden, looking up with sudden surprise, "you seem troubled. What is it?"

Paul sat down for a moment, and bowed his head. His thoughts were quickly formed, and returning his companion's look, he said:

"I think we had better leave this place."

"Leave it? Now?" asked Yu-li, in sudden alarm. "Is there danger?"

"I do not know that there is," returned the youth, speaking as cheerfully as possible; "but yet I would rather not remain here. The man who came into the yard a few minutes since will recognize me if he sees me, and I have no desire to run any risk. If we could get away unobserved, I think I should do so."

"O, Paul, if there be danger let us flee," cried Yu-li, in terror.

"Do not be too much alarmed, for there may be no real danger."

"But who is this man?"

"Did you ever hear of Yo-fu-hi?"

"What—the juggler of Nankin?" asked the maiden, starting.

"Yes."

"I have often heard of him. The prince has told me of him, and I think the prince feared him. He is a terrible man."

"In what is he terrible?" Paul asked, ready at any moment to seek information respecting the juggler's real character.

"His power is dreadful," answered Yu-li, with a shudder. "I have heard my uncle speak of him, and the prince has told me of him. If he is here, and knows you, let us flee."

Again Paul considered, but with this time the idea had become firmly fixed in his mind that if the juggler discovered him, Yu-li would be snatched from him. He forgot all his cooler judgment—he forgot all his natural doubts. Love had made him fearful, and in this frame of mind the suspicion that he wished to conceal from me. "I think," the maiden continued, lowering her voice, and speaking tremulously, "that the juggler is some near connexion of the prince's wife. From words that I have heard fall from Kong-tai's lips, I should judge that such was the fact, and it may be that Yo-fu-hi possesses some clue to the prince's faithlessness, and seeks to use it."

A beam of intelligence shot across Paul's mind. This was exactly in accordance with the juggler's words and manner in the ruined temple, and our hero thought now that he had a clue to the whole. He told Yu-li of his meeting the strange man in the ruins, and of the promise which he himself then made.

"And," he added, "I have no doubt that the juggler wishes to get you into his hands as an evidence against the faithless prince."

And Yu-li's fears ran in the same channel. It was, they both thought, a natural conclusion, and of course their minds were made up to get away from the place as quickly as possible.

Paul remembered that there was a back way leading to the stables, and that from the stables he could pass out into the garden. "Make it your business to try," he said, "and having examined his pistols, and helped Yu-li arrange her dress, he went to the door and looked out into the passage. He could hear voices in the bar-room, but the way to the stables seemed to be clear. He went back and took Yu-li by the hand, and bade her be of good courage. She assured him that she should not flinch, and with this assurance he set forth. He passed by the head of the stairs that led down into the hall, and descended by a sort of ladder that was used by the servants. This led him to the back entry-way, and on opening the door at the foot of the ladder he found himself, as he supposed he should, in the passage leading to the stables.

"You will not take the horses, I suppose," whispered the maiden.

"No," returned Paul. "We could not get clear with them, and, besides, we do not want them. We must make our escape by water."

It was now quite dark, and our adventurers were quite secure from observation. They had no difficulty in making their way to the garden, and after some trouble in picking their way among the shrubbery they gained the road at a distance of some rods from the inn, and then started at once for the shore of the lake. Here they found quite a number of boats, and luckily Paul soon discovered the very one in which he had crossed the lake before, and on halting the captain he found that he had remained upon that side of the lake ever since, only going out occasionally to fish. Our hero asked the fellow

to take him and his companion on board and make sail at once, but to this the very strong objections were raised.

"Wait till morning," urged the captain, "and then I'll start as early as you wish."

But Paul urged his business—he must be in Shanghai at such a time. Then the captain talked about the weather—he was fearful of a storm. At length Paul said something about gold, and the captain's ears were opened. An ounce of gold possessed the "Open Sesame" upon the fellow's will, and in a few minutes the crew were called to get up the iron-wood anchor and make sail. They grumbled considerably at the order, and at first seemed unwilling to obey. Paul was anxious that there should be no disturbance, and slipping forward he placed a piece of silver in the hands of each, and from that moment they had no more objections. In half an hour the clumsy vessel was clear of the shore, and poking lazily through the water. The wind was from the south, and though not very fresh, yet it was strong enough to fill the lumbering bamboo sails and shove the craft ahead at a fair walking pace.

"We are clear now," said Paul, as he sat by Yu-li's side under the weather quarter rail; "and I am glad that the juggler came as he did, for he has shown the means of hurrying us along in our journey."

"I hope we are safe," was Yu-li's reply. She did not speak as one having any fear, but yet there was a tinge of anxiety in her tone.

"O, I am almost certain of safety now," quickly returned Paul, in a light, confident tone; "for when we reach the opposite shore we shall be only about a day's journey from Shanghai if we can obtain more horses, and when once in Shanghai we shall be most safely lodged, for no power can take you from me then. Courage, my love, and let hope be your star to-night."

Yu-li pressed her lover's hand, and in low tones she murmured her sweet hopes. Once more the dangers were forgotten, and together they wandered off into the heaven which their loves had made. An hour they passed there in holy, happy communion of soul with soul, riveting more firmly the bonds of affection, and probing more deeply into each other's heart. Deeper and stronger grew their love, and brighter and more peaceful opened their dreams of bliss. They seemed to touch the earth but lightly with their feet, for their dreams were heavenly, of a heaven which had grown out of their own souls, and into which the god of love had entered and built his throne. They thought not that such a thing as separation could come, for they thought only of the things of life; and a separation would have been death most surely.

At length, as the air grew more damp and chill, Paul conducted his sweet companion to the low, dingy cabin, where there were some half dozen bamboo frames suspended from the beams overhead, and in which were mattresses and blankets. Paul assisted Yu-li to get into one of these swinging cots, and then he took possession of the one next to her. Yu-li murmured the prayer which Paul taught her, and, having made him good-night, she closed her eyes to sleep, and shortly afterwards the youth himself sank to slumber with a prayer upon his lips; it was a prayer for the gentle, confiding being who had trusted her whole of earthly care to his keeping—and he prayed that God would smile upon his faith, but cease to bless him when he should forget to live for Yu-li. Before he slept, he heard a loud crashing about his head, mingled with the shrieks and yells of the crew. As soon as he could fairly recover himself he sprang from his place of rest and spoke to Yu-li. She was frightened, but Paul made her promise to remain where she was till he returned, and then he hastened on deck. He found that the mast had gone over the side, and that the one-sided bowsprit was also gone.

"Tien-tan have mercy!" cried the captain, flying about the deck like a crazy man, gazing first at the splintered stump of the mast, and then running to the bows to see how the deck was torn up where the heel of the bowsprit had come out.

It was some time before Paul could get the fellow to answer any questions, but when he had partially come to his senses our hero found that the vessel had struck a rock, and on following the direction of the captain's finger he saw a tall dark pyramid looming up just under the quarter. The rock was plainly in sight, lifting itself boldly from the water, and the craft had struck her bowsprit plump upon it. The mast had been a worn-out, rotten affair, and that had gone from the force of the concussion. Paul knew that the accident was the result of the most reckless neglect, and he berated the lubberly captain soundly, but the loss of the mast was a disaster which would have been derived to the wind, and Paul gave over the task. As soon as he found that there was no immediate danger he hastened below to see Yu-li's fears at rest, and as soon as she learned all the particulars she accompanied her lover on deck.

Paul now set about the work of finding if there was any leak, and in this he had to take the lead, for the captain could only find time to bewail the loss of his worthless spar. The hull of the vessel was found to have sustained no serious injury. There was one slight leak close by the stern, but it was stopped without much difficulty, and then Paul went to see if there were any means at hand by which the vessel could be kept upon her course. He found one solitary oar and a long pole with a settling-pike in one end and a hook in the other. There was not a spare spar, nor was there such a thing as an inch of sail.

"What can we do?" asked the youth, after he had made an examination of everything on board.

"Do nothing but trust to Buddha," replied the captain.

"But suppose Buddha will not help you?"

"Then I'll pray more."

"But if he does not listen then?"

"I'll burn gold paper for him."

"But if he refuses then?"

"I'll burn more."

"And suppose he is silent still?"

The Chinaman gazed up with a sort of bewildered expression, and after a few moments of thought he said:

"Perhaps you are so wicked that the great Buddha thinks I had no business to take you."

Paul could not but smile at the fellow's simple faith in the power of his Buddha, but the smile soon faded away, for he began to realize that he might have to spend a long time on board the lumbering wreck. There was no means of putting the bulk upon her course, and after considering upon every possible point our hero came to the sad conclusion that the vessel must have her own way. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the wind was still from the south. As near as Paul could calculate, they were being drifted through the water at the rate of about two miles an hour, but not more than that.

"It's hard," he said, addressing Yu-li, after they had gone back to the cabin. "We may be two or three days knocking about here."

The maiden was greatly troubled when she saw that her lover was uneasy, for she trusted all to him. Paul saw this, and with an effort he threw off all appearance of fear and tried to make it appear that there was but little room yet for danger.

"I'm sorry to be thus detained," he said, drawing the maiden upon his bosom, "but we have not much to fear. As soon as we touch the shore we can find horses, and then set forward at full speed. Let us hope for the best."

Yu-li did hope, and being fully assured that there was no immediate danger from the elements, she once more sought her rest.

When the daylight at length came, Paul went on deck and took a survey of the horizon, but he could see no signs of land. The wind still held from the southward, and at sunrise it seemed to freshen a little. The captain had recovered his self-possession in part, though he still bewailed his loss, but when Paul told him that he would give him enough to pay new spars and sails he became cheerful and happy.

That day passed away, and Paul spent the greater part of it in teaching Yu-li to speak his own language. He was surprised at the progress she made, and as he redoubled his exertions she appreciated it by the increased attention which she gave to his instructions. On the next morning land was to be seen to the northward, but the wind was still very low, and so that at night they had made but a few miles nearer to the distant shore. On the third morning they could see that the shore was considerably nearer, but the wind had hauled to the southward and eastward, and though it blew quite fresh, yet Paul did not like it, for it was blowing him in a way he had no wish to go. On the fourth morning the shore was not more than a few miles distant, but the wind was very low, and it was not until near evening that they managed to get off a boat from the shore by their signals. It was a small, skiff-like boat, with square bows and stern, which came off, and contained two men. The captain made known his wishes, and after much fuss and trouble a line was got from the bows of the hulk to the boat, and then the two shoremen began to pull at their oars. This helped the vessel some, for before dark she had been hauled alongside of a rough pier, and with thankful hearts Paul and Yu-li stepped upon dry land. They had been four days and four nights on board the vessel, and those four days were all lost, for with a fair wind they might have crossed the lake in twelve hours at least. But they had no time now to repine, so they tried to forget what of misfortune had passed and hoped for better fortune to come.

They had landed at the mouth of a small stream, and at a short distance there was quite a village which the natives called Yu-tchi. The captain of the vessel was acquainted in the place, and he conducted Paul to a small inn where were found very respectable accommodations. The youth did not dare now to trust himself away from Yu-li, so he engaged a single room, making up his own bed upon the floor, while his companion occupied the bamboo couch.

Night came on, and Paul and Yu-li joined their hands in silent prayer. The youth gazed out upon the starry heavens, and his eyes rested upon a point towards his native land. At that moment he thought of the fairy tale he used to read when he was a boy, and he even prayed that some kind genius would take him up with his love and carry him away to his island home. He was sorry that the age of the genii had passed.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### A RUPTURE IN THE PLOT.

WHILE Paul Ardeen and Yu-li were upon the lake, let us look into the palace of the Prince Kong-tai at Nankin. It was on the very morning after the terrible discovery was made by Tai at the house in the country. The prince was in one of his own private rooms drinking tea. It was well into the forenoon, and yet the grandeur had but just risen. His face was pale and careworn, though two or three hours would pass over his features, and the muscles with quick, decided emotions. Several times he looked at his watch, and at length he left his tea and finished his morning's toilet. Ere long after this was done a page entered the room and informed him that two officers wished to see him. He ordered them to be shown to him, and ere long two fat, gray-looking mandarins were ushered into the room.

"I knock my head to the great prince of Nankin," fervently uttered the first, making a bow almost to the floor.

"I shut my eyes in the presence of the illustrious brother of the Great Son of Heaven," said the second, bowing lower than his companion.

"Tay-tsu, and you, Li-tsung, are both welcome," said the prince; and thereupon there succeeded a quantity of bowing of heads, swinging of hands, scraping of feet, and utterings of set phrases.

"You have sent for us," said Tay-tsu, after he had settled his obese body into a high chair.

"You have sent for us," said the prince, "and he seated himself. As he spoke he looked very grave and sad, and a tear was forced into his eyes. 'I have sent for you,' he continued, 'to open to your care a thing that will make the nation weep.'

Kong-ti here stopped and wiped away the tear which had grown cold upon his cheek, and then he continued:

"I fear that the Great Spirit of heaven wants another soul to keep him company. Niao can live but a short time longer."

"The princess!" cried both the mandarins at a breath.

"Even so," said the prince. "The dark death-spirit has been at her side for many days and many nights, and I fear she cannot live to see the setting of this day's sun. I would have you prepare the people for the sad intelligence, and have the bonzes all at prayer continually. Let the drums in the temples be beat without ceasing, and let Buddha be propitiated with befitting gifts."

At this point the prince fairly wept, and the fat mandarins shook with well-measured emotion.

"What form of disease threatens our illustrious lady?" at length asked Tay-tsu.

"Alas! I know not," groaned Kong-ti. "It is a strange eating away of life, such as I have never before seen. Away go now and do as I have bidden. Let not the noise be too great, for I am sad and rolled in the dust of affliction."

The mandarins arose from their seats and bowed very low, and then they backed out from the apartment, and went away to perform their melancholy mission. As soon as the prince was left alone he arose from his seat and started across the room; but he was left not long to enjoy his own society undisturbed, for, shortly after the mandarins had left, Li entered his presence.

"Ah, good Li," uttered the grandee, "you are come in season. What of the princess?"

"I think all is well," returned the attendant.

"As I have prepared our people for her death. Think you it will follow?"

"Yes. After you left me last night I went around and ascended a tree near the window of her chamber. By the strong moonlight I could see the bed and the woman, for my position just admitted of that and no more. I saw her take the bowl and drink, and I think she must have drank considerable."

"A single swallow would prove fatal in time," said the prince, "and three swallows will kill her in less than from sun to sun. Did you see her this morning?"

"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but she was not up."

"Then the thing is going on," said the prince, with a look and tone of relief. "I think she will see the setting of this life before the day is done. She will be better off away from this earth."

"I think you will be well rid of her before the sun is set," added Li, with a congratulatory look, "and then nothing will be in your way."

The prince took two or three turns up and down the room, evidently in deep thought. He did not seem to be troubled at all by what he was doing, but only by what he should do if the darkest part of his work should be consummated. His idea of woman was not an exalted one. Like most of his countrymen he looked upon the other sex as something only fashioned for his use and service, and he never realized that there were such things as mutual obligations between husband and wife. He was sorry that his laws would not allow him to marry as many wives as he pleased, for then he might have been spared the trouble of his present work. To be sure he might take to himself as many hand-maidens as he could afford to buy, but what he now sought could never be dragged to a position so degrading. The emotion uppermost in his bosom was, gratitude that the way to the possession of the matchless Yu-li was now opened to him—he felt no sorrow for the terrible plan he was obliged to adopt to carry forward his purpose.

At length the prince stopped in his walk and looked at his attendant.

"Good Li," he said, "you may go at once and send off messengers to inform the relatives of Niao that she is really dying. Have them inform that their kinswoman is seized with a dreadful malady, and—"

The prince was here broken in upon by a loud noise from the hall, and before he had time to take any steps to ascertain its cause the door of his apartment was burst open, and a woman, all dust-covered and toll-worn, rushed in. Half a dozen of the servants followed in hot haste to drag her back, but the prince had recognized the new-comer, and with a quick motion he drove his servants back. It was the woman Lan who had come. Kong-ti uttered an exclamation of wild astonishment when he saw her, and as soon as the room was clear, and he knew that the servants were out of hearing, he sank down into a chair.

"Lan—Lan," he cried, trembling violently, "why are you come?"

But it was some moments before the woman could reply, and a second time the prince asked the question. In time, however, she spoke:

"My master," she said, "did you know that Fan-king had left the place between the temples?"

"Left his post? Faw-king? Left the temples?" exclaimed the prince. "Has he dared to do it?"

"That you did not send a young man there to take his place!" said the woman, speaking fearfully.

"Send a young man? By the great Spirit of heaven, woman, speak and tell me what you mean!" cried the prince, starting up from his seat and grasping the messenger by her arm.



"A few nights since, my master—on the very night after you were last there—a young man came down and told us you had sent him in Fank-king's place, and that we should see Fank-king no more."

"It's false! all, all false! By my great power I'll see the line limb from limb. But you should not have left him there, Lan."

"Ah, my master," returned the woman, recollecting as she spoke, "he fled before I came."

"But Yu-la! you have not dared to leave her alone!"

The woman dared not speak. She moved still further back, but the prince followed her again.

"Speak!" he gasped, seizing her again by the arm.

"Tell me all you know. Did you leave Yu-la there alone?"

"She has fled!" whispered Lan; and as she spoke she sank down upon her knees and clasped her hands.

The prince recalled a few steps like one who has received a death-stroke. He glared upon the woman before him, and with an impatient movement he snatched his dagger from its sheath, but in a moment more he put it back again.

"Fled!" he at length uttered, in a deep, husky tone. "She fled, and you yet alive?"

"Alas, my master, I could not help it. Listen to me, and you shall see that I am not to blame. Fank-king is the one who must have been overcome."

The prince sat down and beckoned for Lan to proceed, while Li went to see that no one was near the doors. After this the woman went on and told her story. She told how Fank-king had left the subterranean apartments, and how, shortly afterwards she had given entrance to the young stranger without noticing that he was not the eunuch. She told how frankly he had spoken to her, and how he offered to watch during the night. On the next morning she had found herself alone. She went up among the ruins and searched them all through, and when she found they were gone, she had hastened at once to Nankin.

"And Fank-king?" uttered the prince, when the woman had closed her story.

"I have seen nothing of him."

"It was not all anger, nor was it all sorrow. It was a sort of wild, tumultuous thrill of varied passion, and for a while he seemed totally unable to think or act."

"Prince," said Li, seeing how his master was situated, "she has evidently fled, and can only be caught by quick pursuit. Some one must have lain in wait at the ruins and discovered her retreat, and thus gained access to the place. Perhaps it was some one who had known her before."

"Lan," exclaimed the prince, at this juncture, "did you see them together—this young man and Yu-la?"

"For a few moments."

"How did they appear?"

"Once she had been weeping, I am sure. I did not think of it then, but the thought has come since that there was much love between them."

"By the throne of heaven's great Spirit!" cried the prince, striking his breast with both hands. "I'll reach the empire but I find them. You know not which way they went?"

"I know they came this way as far as the house of Leaso, and from thence they must have struck off further to the southward," replied Lan. "There, at the hamlet, I heard of a young man and a boy. The man I know must have been the same one who came to our retreat, and the boy must have been Yu-la."

A few moments the prince thought while he walked up and down the room, and when he stopped he seemed to have regained his strength of mind.

"Li," he said, "I cannot leave my people now, for I must be here. I wish my wife were not quite so sick. But we have faithful men. Send off three detachments of three men each. Take my old guard. You take such men as you please and go direct to Tai-ling, from whence follow on towards the Tai-ho lake. Let the others go further to the southward. O, bring them to me and you shall grow beneath the weight of the wealth I will heap upon you. Let the others think this is a hand-maiden of mine, and beware that you do not ungrudgingly tell too much. Perhaps you can find her, Li."

"The country shall be well searched, at all events," was Li's reply. "If I can but once get upon their track I will have them."

"Do not spare horse-flesh," cried the excited grandee.

"Never far that I shall take every means of motive power within my reach," confidently returned Li. "I am not in the habit of hesitating at trifles."

Li then turned to the woman and obtained a minute description of the young man's person, and when he had gained this point he set out to make his arrangements for departure, while the prince thought it safe to confine Lan where she could hold no communication with any of the servants.

In half an hour from that time Li rode out from the palace-court, followed by eleven men, two of whom he meant for his own companions, while the other nine were to be divided as the prince had directed. Kong-tai then then departed, and when they were gone a cold, damp chill seemed to settle about his heart. Until the present time nothing had occurred to disturb the current of his base hopes, but now the waves were moved, and the turmoil made him uneasy, for a dim fear settled down over his soul that this might not be the last of his troubles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MARY.

BY W. WALLACE ORRILL.

When the daylight is departing,  
And the twilight dawns—  
When the last red rays of sunlight  
Linger in the western sky;  
When the pale moon smiles sweetly,  
On the star-decked bow of night,  
And the silent world is hushed in  
A sea of silvery light—

When the song birds cease their singing,  
And in lonely thought we rest—  
When the sweetest lights of evening  
And art with bright visions blend;  
When the night-flowers on the dewy law  
Wave in the soft south wind;  
O, I pray to be remembered  
By the one I've left behind!

Thou may'st think of me as faint,  
As an erring child of clay—  
As one full of joy and sorrow—  
As a wanderer far away;  
But there is a fountain of tears  
Waiting up within my heart,  
That tells me thou wilt remember,  
Be we ever far apart!

Love me not for good or evil  
That has mingled in my breast,  
Sifting up the dust of passion  
From their long, unbroken rest;  
Though in the whirl of giddy life  
Thou mayest my form forget,  
O, never let heart's fond desires  
Let my spirit linger yet!

Let it come to thee at even  
When the twilight breeze swells;  
And when thou shalt feel its presence,  
Think I love thee, O, as well!  
Thou from my heart's bright mirror  
An image sweet dost shun;  
Whose form is of angel mould,  
Whose features all are thine!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A GAME FOR A HEART.

A TALE OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

BY W. M. LORING.

THE day was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the trees were stretching far to the eastward, over the browned greenward of a rural French landscape, as two horsemen, dusty and travel-soiled, slowly pursued their way along a sandy road that skirted the edges of a walnut wood.

Both of the horsemen were armed cap-a-pie, and bore powerful black armor, or war horses, but though the points of the animals showed good blood, their condition also betokened severe service. They were thin in flesh, and moved along with drooping crests, dragging their feet as if scarcely able to support their heavy furniture and the ponderous weight of their riders' armor.

Both knights, for such they were, carried their helmets slung at their saddle-bows, and were, in their stead, riding-caps of velvet. Their lances had been abandoned, but their heavy, two-handed swords, suspended in broad baldric, hung behind them, the grip appearing above the right shoulder, and the point descending far below the spur. The elder and stouter of the two knights, who was sheathed in black armor, but other than travel-stains dimmed its surface. It was dented with sword-strokes, and here and there stains of a deeper hue than rust seemed to indicate that the wearer had recently been exposed to deadly peril.

The armor of his companion, while lighter, was far more elegant and costly. It was of fine Milan steel, curiously inlaid with gold, and as light as plume warranted for defence. Such a harness could better fitted for the tilting-yard than the battle-field, and the light and elegantly formed wearer for a jouster at the barrier, than a stern charger on the plain. Yet he bore himself right gallantly, in spite of the traces of fatigue and suffering that marked his features. His armor, like that of his companion, showed hard usage, and while he guided his courser gracefully with his right, his bridle hand rested in a sling.

"By our lady of Paris!" said he, "I cannot endure this much longer, and methinks, Dunois, it were better to give up all hopes of bed and board, and care of leech, and stretch our weary limbs for the night under a greenwood tree, turning our horses out to graze. They cannot go much further. Your horse is blown, and Abdallah seems sinking under my weight. What say you? I must be grooms for the nonce, and rid them of their harness ourselves—for a lost battle and a hurried flight have shorn us of our revenue. What say you to a couch on the greenward with the blue vault for the canopy?"

"I might endure it, sire," replied Dunois, for it was that gallant noble whom King Charles VII. addressed, "but for you, wounded as you are, it were madness. You would never rise again, and the hope of France must not be lost without a struggle."

"Would that I had died under shield, royalty and knighthood!" said the young king, in a tone of deep despondency.

"Say not so, sire," cried Dunois. "Life and hope are left us. The outfit of France is not destined to be trained forever in the dust—the cloud cannot forever overshadow our beautiful land. Your majesty will yet live to drive these insolent wolves back to their den."

The king shook his head mournfully.

"The chivalry of France is prostrate!" said he.

"Nay, sire, it is but like the fabled giant who renewed his strength when he touched the earth. There are now of loyal hearts and brave arms left to rally after the throne, and raise the royal banner from the dust. And see! in present fulfillment of my auguries of good fortune, Abdallah rears his crest—a good omen! There is shelter at hand. Good cheer, sire!"

And even as he spoke, the monarch's horse pricked up his ears, raised his head and uttered a joyous neigh, which was answered by his comrade with a claxon note. Without any pressure of the armed heel, both horses struck into a sharp trot, and as they gained the summit of a

slight elevation, the riders, through an opening in the wood, perceived, not far remote, the towers of a lordly castle.

"You were a true prophet, Dunois!" cried the king, joyously. "And now ride on, in God's name. Within sight of shelter, I feel how sorely I stand in need of it. But one caution in advance—remember that in your castle I am no longer king of France, but only Charles Edmond, a wounded knight. It does not suit my humor to claim the homage due my rank, when I come a vanquished fugitive from a lost field. Forget not, then, that I am only an humble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget, sire," replied the constable, as he gave his horse the spur.

In a few moments they drew rein before the castle, and Dunois, winding a call on his lunge, summoned the warder to the wall, and demanded hospitality of the lord of the castle. It was courteously granted, the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and with glad hearts, the king and his companion rode under the echoing archway into the great courtyard, where the lord of the castle, in person, the Sieur de Sorel, aided them to dismount. They were conducted to an apartment, where they were divested of their armor, furnished with baths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed by a skillful practitioner. After this, they were led into the banquet hall, and conducted to the place of honor on the raised dais. But it was not the sight of the board plentifully spread, that drew a murmured exclamation of delight from the lips of the king—a greater attraction filled his sensitive soul with pleasure.

Smiling a welcome to the knightly guests, stood a maiden, the daughter of the lord, lovelier than any lady Charles had ever beheld. Her fair hair, adorned with pearls, fell in golden waves upon her ivory shoulders; her rich but chaste attire displayed the exquisite model of her form, while her manner, at once animated and high bred, was as charming as her beauty. At the table, after the first cravings of appetite were satisfied, and while Dunois entertained the lord of the castle with a description of the battle, the wounded king discoursed of ministry, and love and tournaments to his fair young hostess, displaying all the courtly graces that he possessed to perfection, yet ever and anon the fair one turned to listen to the narrative of Dunois.

"And so the king has fled!" she said, with flashing eyes. "Better he had fallen on the field. It is true, then, that he loves minstrelsy and tournaments better than the royal life of the camp and field."

"Not so, fair lady," said Dunois. "He did his devoir like a gallant knight, charging in the thickest of the fray. I myself saw his plume shorn from his crest, and himself wounded. His wish was to perish with his body-guard, but there were those around him who seized his bridle-reins, and forced him from the field."

"And where is he now?" cried Agnes—for that was the maiden's name.

"We know not," interposed the king, hastily, "we were separated from the royal train. But he is doubtless safe."

"Heaven be praised for that!" said the lord of the castle.

Amen! responded the lady.

During the evening, Charles attached himself to the fair Agnes, but found it difficult to engross her attention; the handsome and mellow Dunois seemed constantly to divert her eyes and thoughts. He therefore, finally pleaded his wound and fatigue as an apology for retiring, and, afraid to leave Dunois behind him, he signed to the count to accompany him to his apartment.

"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king, as he threw himself upon his couch. "A battle fought and lost—a fainting illness, with a hospitable roof at last, and an angel of beauty to revive a fainting soul!"

"You did full homage to her charms, sire," said he.

"And she, the sorceress, turned from me to you, Dunois! I am jealous!"

"Ah, sire! it was a maiden's capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank—"

"There it is, Dunois. I would give nothing for a conquest won by my rank. I must be loved for myself alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field fairly together as rivals, and see which will win her."

"It is such your wish, sire?"

"It is—my command. And now, Dunois! Good night. Better days for France, if my eyes closing as he ceased to speak, the king fell instantly asleep, and, if it must be confessed, snored like any common mortal.

The next day and the next were passed in desperate horse-making. The heart of the monarch was irretrievably lost, and perhaps for the very reason that he was a cooler player. Dunois advanced far more rapidly than his royal rival in the good graces of the lovely Agnes. The third night, the king was in a very sudden and ungracious humor—Dunois lost his favor in proportion as he gained that of the lady. Dunois, on his part, was getting desperately in love and determined to succeed.

Matters were in this state when the king, now thoroughly fearful for the result of his suit, resolved to resort to one of those stratagems which are as justifiable in love, as in war and politics. He summoned Dunois.

"My brave Dunois," said he, "you know how I have loved you?"

"Indeed, sire, I am but too proud and happy in your favor."

"You saved my life in battle."

"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."

"I know it, Dunois, and I have been thinking how I might best recompense your loyalty and devotion. I know that your gallant spirit chafes at this idle life which my disabled condition renews me to for a while. It is cruelly to keep you idle, by my side while you are able to bear arms."

"Say nothing of it, I entreat your majesty," cried Dunois, who saw through the duplicity of

his royal friend. "Nothing will induce me to leave your majesty's side."

"Nothing but my commands," replied the king, with a malicious smile.

"O, if your majesty commands my absence, that's a different affair," replied Dunois, with deep chagrin.

"I do command it, my noble friend," cried Charles, grasping his hand. "I make you generalissimo of my armies, and I command you forthwith to raise the royal standard and rally all true and gallant subjects to its support. Here is your commission, accompanied by your warrant, written by my own hand—signed with my own seal. Depart this moment."

"I will last bid adieu to Agnes."

"Stay not even for that, my dear friend," said the king earnestly. "Your horse is saddled in the court yard. I will make your excuses to our host. Ride forth—and God be with you."

"Sire!" replied Dunois, "believe me, I shall not forget this mark of your majesty's confidence and favor."

He bent his knee, raised the royal hand to his lips, and then, with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and resentment at the interruption of his courtship, left the presence and mounted his horse.

The king watched his departure from the rampart. As he spurred his proud charger from under the gateway, he turned in his saddle and waved an adieu to a certain turret window, from whence, in the guise of a fluttering kerchief, streamed the farewell of the fair Agnes.

"The absent are always wrong," muttered the king, in the words of a proverb. "This formidable rival out of the way, the lady of the castle is mine."

And he descended to meet the enchantress, and apologise for the abrupt departure of his friend. That evening he displayed all his graces and was listened to with marked attention. There appeared to be no regret for the absent one. But the next day, when Charles was preparing to lay a scientific siege to the fair one, came a herald to the castle bearing a proclamation from the commander-in-chief, ordering all knights of France, whether wounded or not, to repair to the royal standard, and menacing with the king's displeasure and with forfeiture of estate and rank, any and all who should give harbor or shelter to any bold enough or base enough to disobey the summons.

"I regret, sir knight," said the lady Agnes, "that we are to be so summarily deprived of your society."

"For that matter," replied the king, who smarted at this realization on the part of Dunois, the motive of which he detected at a glance, "I shall not be so discourteous as to leave you suddenly. I will tarry a few days longer."

"But the summons is peremptory."

"I am hardly able to bear my armor yet, as you can testify, fair maiden, since you have kindly tended me," replied the king.

"Forgive me, fair sir," rejoined the lady, "I think I can fairly authorize you to take the field again."

"Ah—cruel one! you are glad of the pretext for banishing me."

"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and if my father consents—"

"Consents to what?" cried the old man, entering the hall at that moment.

"To my prolonging my stay a few days longer here," said the king, anxiously.

"What?" cried the lord of the castle, "in the face of your proclamation? Not so! you are your own son, I would not harbor you. The king wills every knight to join his standard."

"I think my tarrying would not displease his majesty," said the king.

"There is no exception in the orders," said the inflexible old man. "Well and wounded must to the standard. As a loyal knight you must obey."

At this moment a horn sounded without. The drawbridge was heard to fall—hoof to ring in the courtyard, and then the clank of armed footsteps approaching—a warrior sheathed in steel rushed into the apartment. The visor of his plumed helmet was raised, and his bold features beamed with fierce excitement.

It was Dunois the brave.

"What news from the war?" cried the lord of the castle.

"News that would stir the dead from their graves!" cried Dunois. "News that should ring through France like the tramp of approaching doom."

"Speak! I charge you!" cried the king, quivering with excitement. "What news?"

"The English have taken Paris!"

"The English in Paris! and I here!" cried Charles. "Mother of God! I must not lose a moment. What ho! bring me my arms! Bring me my coat of Milan steel—my helm and all my panoply. Saddle Abdallah instantly. Old man! do you stand trembling there? Forget your age as I my wound. Arm all your brave Dunois, and stand ready with us. Despatch! Despatch! Each said of time is golden!"

"And who are you that speaks with such authority?"

"Charles of France, your king!" exclaimed Dunois.

"O, sire!" cried Agnes, falling at his feet, "I should have known you by the gallant words. Now I feel the destinies of France are safe with you—and if the prayers of Agnes Sorel can avail—lightly, heavily, shall they be offered up for you."

"Rise, dear maiden," said the king. "You shall help me for your knight—and buckle on my sword and spurs—and I will wear your colors in the field. Glory were little worth without the love of Agnes Sorel."

Swiftly moved the fingers of the beauteous maiden as she armed him for the battle, and her own scarf fluttered from his shoulder, as he galloped from the castle by the side of the brave Dunois.

"You have conquered, sire," said the count.

"May you be as fortunate in war as love. He plays a losing game who plays against a king."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE.

God reigns on earth, and reigns above,  
And orders all things wisely;  
A God of majesty and power!  
A God of justice and of love!

He weeps afflict his children here  
Save for their everlasting gain;  
For this—the oft unwept pain!  
For this—the oft unwept pain!

The young and lovely die here  
When Death is bid to raise the shroud;  
For this—the oft unwept pain!  
For this—the oft unwept pain!

And thus depart the friends we love!  
Within the heart and memory dwell,  
Yet recollection wears a spell  
Around those dear ones—now where.

And though they can return no more  
In cheer on our weary way,  
To cheer us on our way,  
May we meet them when life is o'er.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OPERA FAN.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"THE chandeliers must be lighted every night in the drawing-rooms," remarked Mrs. Russell to her newly hired servant-man, "not that we often use them, John, but it may be some friend may call, and they are kept burning simply for effect."

"If I should pick up the wick a little higher," inquired little Ella Marsh, "wouldn't it help you, mother, without so much straining of the eyes over the guttering in Mrs. Russell's shirts?"

"No, child, there is no oil in the lamp is the trouble, and you know we burned the last candle a night or two ago."

"How I wish," said Ella, "you could just sit one hour under the light of those beautiful branches of lamps in Mrs. Russell's parlors, mother. When I carried home that last piece of work you did for her, she bade me follow her and she stood under the motherly lamps. I ever saw, and counted out the change for me—and there wasn't a soul in either of those great big rooms—I suppose they were going to have a party, don't you, mother?"

"No, my child, rich people always consume a great deal of gas that is not used by any one—but never mind, Ella, I shall finish the six shirts to-morrow, and when you bring me back the six dollars in payment, we will get our canister of oil filled, and then I can see beautifully."

Mrs. Marsh was obliged to take off her spectacles, for there was a moisture upon them which needed rubbing off.

The next day little Ella appeared at the rich Mrs. Russell's door with her neat package of finished work. She was directed to the lady's chamber. How lightly she tripped upon those long stairs; they were the footsteps of hope. Mrs. Russell proceeded to examine the garments. First she looked at the stitching—then at the gathering—then she pulled at the side seams, and finally, after the strictest possible scrutiny, she looked at a hem, and exclaimed:

"What dirty thread your mother uses, Ella."

Ella blushed deeply, for it was a piece of hemming she had persuaded her mother to let her finish, and she had done it very nicely too, only the thread was a little soiled. Still Ella sat in expectation of the payment. Mrs. Russell went to her bureau drawer, she looked at the contents of her purse.

"Ella," said she, "I cannot pay your mother to-day—I will call round some time next week."

The child went slowly down stairs—she was the footsteps of disappointment. We will not follow her home, for her heart was sad.

It is four o'clock, P. M. Mrs. Russell sees the package of finished work lying upon his lounge.

"Did you pay for these articles, my dear?" inquired he of his wife.

"No, I promised the money next week."

"You did wrong, wife. Perhaps it was a great disappointment to the woman. Where is her bill? six dollars, hey, and recollect, she thinks us honest. Where's Ada? Here is seven dollars, do you take them to Mrs. Marsh, and say we have sent the extra dollar for her interest in waiting five hours after payment time—be sure and tell her, Ada."

Mrs. Russell remarked at being "just before generous."

"Six dollars," said she, "is enough for the work, in all conscience. What do you mean about women's work? Ada, that extra dollar, added to the two I gave you this morning, will enable you to purchase that splendid opera fan at Jordan's—you will really need it to-morrow night."

And the poor widow and her only child thanked God that labor, the fruit of honest, patient labor, they could pay their work's rent, procure some oil and groceries, and a few feet of bread. But Ada didn't thank her mother for the dollar she had expressed from giving Mrs. Marsh—the wretched opera fan in the party—felt she ought to be gratified in her wants, and resolved to act upon her mother's principle, "to get her sewing done at as cheap a rate as possible." Hopeful child! The next generation will not "rise up and call thee blessed."

THE PLAINS OF CHALDEA.

LAYARD states that these plains produce some of the finest fruit in the world. A very delicious peach has lately been introduced into England, which has created a good deal of excitement among nurserymen. The plains in the spring of the year, are covered with gorgeous flowers. Tall reeds grow there in great abundance, and are quite extensively used as an article of food.

Layard also states that the hanging gardens of Nineveh were not fictitious. He has secured representations of them in his engravings.







I need only add that our hero and heroine reached a pleasant valley wherein they made themselves a home. Kios, by his skill and intrepidity as a hunter, managed to support himself and his now blooming Trakosi, in Hottentot comfort.





[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY FANNY BELL.

The child looked on the forest flowers,  
His little heart was sad;  
Heavened were they by winds and showers,  
Those flowers had made him glad.

"Who hath done this?" he sadly asked,  
"Who hath my flowers destroyed?"  
His infant mind was sorely troubled,  
His pleasure was away.

"Twas I," replied a gentle voice,  
"Who all this change hath made;  
I was not sad; I look up, rejoiced,  
And he then not afraid."

And as he spoke a form appeared,  
More beautiful than the flowers;  
And he this little messenger cheered  
With his celestial powers.

His graceful beauty far surpassed  
The form of mortal race;  
His form was in perfection cast,  
Angels were his face.

A crown of gold was on his head,  
With gems of rainbow hues;  
And from his eyes bright rays were shed,  
Pure as the morning dews.

"The flowers, my pretty child," said he,  
"Are not destroyed by death;  
Their spirits have been saved by me,  
The leaves have lost their breath."

They bloom in greater beauty far,  
Than ever thou didst see;  
In spheres beyond the morning star,  
From sterner and whiter trees.

"What you have said," then asked the child,  
"Those pretty flowers to see,  
In that bright world with climate mild,  
Where no more storms can be?"

"Yes, child, there too," he gently said,  
"Those flowers that were so dear;  
That thou translated be,  
And when the storm of life is past,  
I will come and take thee."

The child asked, "Twas bread daylight,  
And merry sang the birds;  
Then disappeared that angel knight,  
Remembered were his words."

But soon another form appeared,  
Who filled his heart with joy;  
That angel he had never seen,  
He was his darling boy.

"Twas his instructions he had seen,  
Personated in form;  
When in his dream he read had been,  
At effects of storm."

For the child had early taught,  
To look beyond this sphere;  
Whenever his mind was vexed by night,  
That did not right appear.

That thought all things appeared to die,  
That was not really so;  
That there was far beyond the sky,  
A place where spirits go.

And she had pictured to his mind  
That great celestial host;  
Whose nature it is to be kind,  
And shield us from death's harm.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]  
**THE WERE WOLF.**  
BY JAMES DE MILLER.

NEAR a small river that flows from the Vosges mountain into the Rhine, there stood an extensive forest. It covered the country far and near, reaching to the borders of Switzerland on one side, and for many hundred miles on the other, extending to the banks of the river, carrying the lofty heights parallel to which the river ran. These fearful Vosges, with their dark recesses and wooded heights, their silent groves and gloomy shadows, were viewed with mysterious awe by the peasants of the surrounding country.

It was toward the close of a sultry day, that a knight, clad in proof armor which stood by the river which he had mentioned. His vizor being down, prevented his face from being seen, but his figure was erect and finely proportioned. He rode with admirable grace, and his appearance attracted great crowds of villagers to gaze upon him.

"See!" said he to a peasant at whose cottage he drew up, "bring some water for my horse," and saying this, he dismounted, while the peasant prepared to obey his order.

"What is the name of this town?" said the knight.

"Why, since then—your lordship must know that no villager has dared to go there."

"Towards! Why not?"

"The were wolf!"

"And what of the were wolf? Why do you speak that abhorred name?"

"The lord of the Vosges committed fearful crimes in the wars where he fought for many years. He came here and leagued himself with the evil one. He lives in your castle. The were wolf now flouts in this world a punishment for guilt."

"Nonsense! you are prating. Show me the road and I will attack the were wolf this night, and—"

A loud cry interrupted him.

"The were wolf!"

Aloud screams of mortal terror the knight saw the peasants flying to the nearest huts. The doors were shut and barred, and pale faces looked forth from the rough holes which served as windows to their huts.

"The coward!" muttered the knight. "They think not of me. But I would not have entered—no! by the holy cross, I fear not this monster!"

Drawing his sword, he stood beside his horse, and waited the approach of the terrible animal. With fierce growls and fiery eyes, swiftly it came—the were wolf whose name caused such terror to the villagers. It rushed swiftly down the village toward the knight. With his sword uplifted expecting an attack he stood awaiting its approach. But the wolf stopped when about two yards away, and stood perfectly still. Raising its eyes to meet those of the knight, the animal stared him full in the face with a glance in which the knight found a strange and potent influence. For a few moments it stood thus and then fled. The knight leaved a deep sigh.

"Can it be that this is a true were wolf? Can such things exist? Did I not find something almost human in the expression of those terribly earnest eyes?"

He mounted his horse and called to the people to show him the way to the castle of the were wolf.

"O, holy virgin! Sir knight, go not, or you die!"

"Fool! Do you think me one of yourselves?"

"Go not—O, 'tis a fearful foe to deal with."

"Show me the road—fool that you are, and I will follow you to the death!" cried the exasperated knight, raising his sword on high.

The terrified peasant no longer sought to expostulate, but pointed out the way toward the castle. The road was covered with rank grass and rough stones, through which the horse found it difficult to proceed. The trees on both sides cast a gloomy shade upon the scene. Their grotesque forms rising above the strangely shaped rocks which lay strewn around, could be construed by imagination into shapes of goblins and phantoms. The wind, as it came sighing along, resembled the mournful tone of one in lamentation. No wonder the rude peasant fancied these forests to be the chosen abodes of those terrible shapes which awe the soul of man. The knight felt even in his own courageous mind some portion of dread.

"Bah!" he cried, "that is no deserted castle, no haunt of a were wolf!"

And he gazed at a lofty edifice, whose strong walls might defy alack the hand of time and of war. The drawbridge was down, and the knight passing over it, knocked loudly at the gate. No answer came, but he heard a low growl, and looking down, he saw the glaring eyes of the wolf peering at him from the space behind the gate. Hanged and perplexed, the knight struck furiously at the beast who, pained by the blow, fled the air with his howlings.

"Who knocks?" said a voice.

"Who? Is it thus that you tender hospitality? Let me in and I will tell you."

"But my lord wishes to know."

"Tell him that a noble knight is here, and open your gate instantly."

The knight bowed low and returned the salutation. As a command of the other, some servants approached, who led the knight away and directed him of his armor.

"May I ask," said his host, after he returned, "may I ask the name of him whom I have the honor to entertain?"

"I am Count Reginald De Clancie."

The lord of the Vosges started, he checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful was she that De Clancie could hardly speak of embarrassment. But the knights of those old days could never be at a loss to entertain the in a lady's company, and De Clancie proved himself most accomplished here.

During the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his eyes upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clancie was so engaged with the lovely Celeste, that he had no time to notice the count.

"The lord of the Vosges started, he checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful was she that De Clancie could hardly speak of embarrassment. But the knights of those old days could never be at a loss to entertain the in a lady's company, and De Clancie proved himself most accomplished here."

During the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his eyes upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clancie was so engaged with the lovely Celeste, that he had no time to notice the count.

"The lord of the Vosges started, he checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful was she that De Clancie could hardly speak of embarrassment. But the knights of those old days could never be at a loss to entertain the in a lady's company, and De Clancie proved himself most accomplished here."

During the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his eyes upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clancie was so engaged with the lovely Celeste, that he had no time to notice the count.

"The lord of the Vosges started, he checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful was she that De Clancie could hardly speak of embarrassment. But the knights of those old days could never be at a loss to entertain the in a lady's company, and De Clancie proved himself most accomplished here."

During the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his eyes upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clancie was so engaged with the lovely Celeste, that he had no time to notice the count.

"The lord of the Vosges started, he checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful was she that De Clancie could hardly speak of embarrassment. But the knights of those old days could never be at a loss to entertain the in a lady's company, and De Clancie proved himself most accomplished here."

During the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his eyes upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clancie was so engaged with the lovely Celeste, that he had no time to notice the count.

"The lord of the Vosges started, he checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful was she that De Clancie could hardly speak of embarrassment. But the knights of those old days could never be at a loss to entertain the in a lady's company, and De Clancie proved himself most accomplished here."

During the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his eyes upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clancie was so engaged with the lovely Celeste, that he had no time to notice the count.

of Celeste came—of Celeste, so beautiful and wretched, and these thoughts filled his mind, accompanying him into the land of dreams.

In the morning De Clancie did not leave. He remained where he was given him to remain, was accepted with ill-concealed joy, and the face of Celeste glowed with pleasure as she heard of his intention to remain longer. He stayed a day longer—and yet another day. A whole fortnight he passed here. During most of the time he might have been seen with Celeste, either tendering over her as she played her guitar, or himself stringing the lute of troubadours for her delighted ears. They rode together to hunt outside the castle, and De Clancie could feel the little hand of Celeste tremble as he placed the hooded falcon on her wrist. One morning he stood staid by the door of the great hall. He had determined to take his departure on the following day. Suddenly the lord of the Vosges entered. De Clancie approached him and spoke.

"My lord, you have been a princely host to me. I will leave to-morrow. Gladly would I stay longer, but I am called away. Yet, my lord, there is one thing of which I must speak before I go. You can easily imagine what it is—your daughter—Celeste!"

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Count Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Say not so—listen. I am here and she is here. Come here, loved one," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"And now, Lord Hubert, can you answer my question?"

"About Celeste—she is coming; here she is," and Lord Hubert advanced toward his daughter, who had just entered. Taking her hand, he led her toward her lover, and giving it to him, he fervently blessed them both.

The father of Reginald hastened to answer in person his son's astounding message, and after he had seen his friend and witnessed his son's nuptials, the castle of Vosges was forsaken for the chief family seat of Sir Hubert De Courcy.

**HINDOO BELIEFS.**

In a recent address before a meeting in New York, Rev. Dr. Duff made some interesting revelations in reference to the physical philosophy which is laid down in the sacred books of the Hindoos. They believe, for example, that there arises from the centre of the earth, an immense mountain, six hundred thousand miles in height, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large as elephants, and when they fall off and decay, there flows forth a river of jelly, which is used with great delicacy, and say one who drinks from it will receive the boon of perpetual youth, and the sands which fill its bed, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and fifty thousand miles across. Upon its own surface are the habitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousand miles. The supplies which it bears are as large